

5 July, 1900

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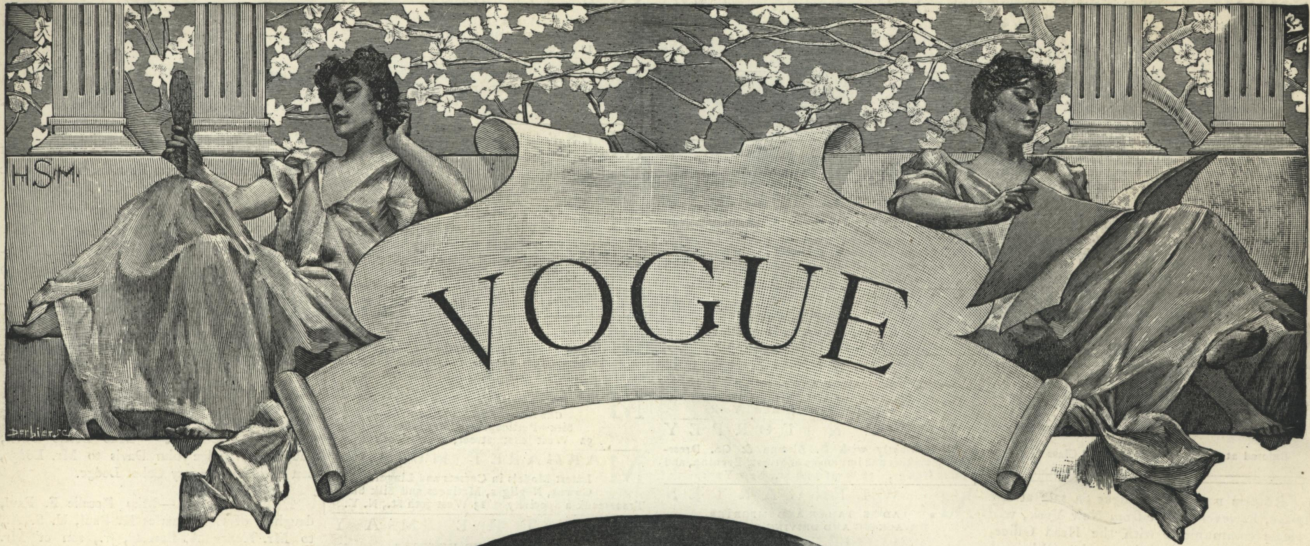
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JULY

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5 JULY, 1900

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DIED

Heyn.—Suddenly, at his home in Green-
wich, Conn., 30 June, Alfred T. Heyn.

Pearson.—On Thur., 28 June, of
heart failure, Ella James Pearson, widow of the
late Postmaster, Henry G. Pearson, and
daughter of Thomas L. and the late Emily
Freeburn James.

Philip.—John Woodward Philip, Rear-
Admiral of the United States Navy, aged 59
years and 10 months, suddenly, of heart failure
at his home, the commandant's residence, Brook-
lyn Navy Yard, Sat., 30 June.

Weeks.—Suddenly, Julia A. M., wife of
William H. Weeks.

ENGAGEMENTS

Davis—Lodge.—Miss Bessie Davis,
daughter of Judge John Davis to Mr. Lodge,
son of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge.

Paul-Barclay.—Miss Rosalie F. Paul,
daughter of Col. Charles R. Paul, U. S. A.,
to Mr. Henry A. Barclay, Jr., son of Mr.
Henry A. Barclay.

Strong-Kip.—Miss Elisa Strong, daugh-
ter of Col. John M. Strong, of Syracuse, N. Y.,
to Mr. William V. B. Kip, son of Dr.
Isaac L. Kip, of New York.

INTIMATIONS

Bishop.—Mr. and Mrs. Courtlandt Bishop
will soon sail for Europe to spend the summer
in travel.

Crosby.—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ralston
Crosby have taken a cottage at Babylon, L. I.,
for the summer.

Gebhard.—Mrs. Frederick Gebhard will
spend the summer at Narragansett Pier, where
she has taken rooms.

Gibert.—The Misses Gibert will spend the
summer at Murray Bay, having rented their
Newport cottage.

Havemeyer.—Mr. and Mrs. Theodore
Havemeyer, Jr., have taken a cottage at New-
port for the season.

Schieffelin.—Mrs. William Jay Schieffe-
lin, who is at present at Scarborough, will later
go to Bar Harbor for the remainder of the sum-
mer.

Stevens.—Mr. and Mrs. C. Albert
Stevens are still at Roslyn, where they will re-
main until they go to Southampton, L. I., in August.

Schieffelin.—Mrs. George Schieffelin re-
turns from her visit to her daughter, Mrs.
Bruce Ismay, in England, this week, and will
spend the remainder of the summer with her
family at Southampton, L. I.

Shepard.—Mrs. Elliott Shepard will spend
part of the summer in Europe.

Van Nest.—Mrs. Alexander Van Nest
and her daughter will spend the summer at Bar
Harbor.

Webb.—Dr. and Mrs. W. Seward Webb
returned from Europe last week, and will spend
most of the summer at Shelburne Farms, Vt.

CORRESPONDENCE

Bar Harbor.—The Kebo Valley club
house was formally opened for the season on

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4 July with a reception given by the governors of the club. The committee in charge were: Mr. Howard Hinkle, Mr. Edmund Pendleton, Mr. T. G. Condon, Dr. Robert Amory, and Mr. Waldron Bates.

Mr. Howard Hinkle has again given a cup to be played for over the links of the club this season. A handicap cup for women will be given by Miss Draper, and a scratch cup by Mrs. T. G. Condon.

The links are in charge of James Douglas, the Scotch professional. Mr. and Mrs. Lea McIlvaine Luquer have arrived at Bar Harbor and opened their cottage for the season. Other recent arrivals include Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Sharpless, Mrs. Miles B. Carpenter and Miss Carpenter, Mrs. David Payne, the Rev. A. H. Amory, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Bridgham, Mrs. Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Ketterlinus, and Mr. Reginald Johnson.

Lenox.—A reception was given at Lenox last week by Mr. and Mrs. Folsom as a farewell to their son-in-law Lieutenant Sidney Haight, who sailed for Manila on Tuesday. Among the guests were: Captain and Mrs. John S. Barnes, the Misses Barnes, Mrs. William H. Bradford, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph W. Burden, Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Cook, Mr. and Mrs. Carlos de Heredia, Mrs. Richard Starr Dava, Alfred Devereux, of Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. Giraud Foster, Mrs. John E. Parsons, the Misses Parsons, S. Howland Robbins, J. F. Schenck, Miss Anna Shaw, John Sloane, Mr. and Mrs. William D. Sloane, Miss Lila Sloane, Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes, the Misses Stokes, Mr. Frank K. Sturgis, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Frothingham, Mrs. Richard Goodman, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Cranch Greenleaf, Dr. Henry P. Jaques, George Higginson, Mr. and Mrs. Morris K. Jesup, Mr. and Mrs. David Lydig, Mrs. George A. Meyer, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Morgan, George Mosle, Miss Helen Parish, Mr. and Mrs. George Griswold Haven, Miss Marion Haven, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Astor Bristed, who, by the way, have just returned from a long stay in Europe; Mr. and Mrs. George E. Turnure, the latter formerly Miss Elizabeth Lanier, daughter of Charles Lanier; Mr. and Mrs. Thatcher M. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. John E. Alexandre, Mrs. E. B. Bacon.

Mrs. William Douglas Sloane gave two dinners last week, on Saturday and Thursday evenings.

On Thursday Mr. and Mrs. Richard Greenleaf celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of their wedding by giving a reception to their relatives and intimate friends.

Jesup.—Mr. and Mrs. Morris K. Jesup leave this week for Bar Harbor, returning to Lenox for the autumn season.

Mrs. Cottenet and their daughter have opened their cottage for the summer.

Registered at the Curtis Hotel recently were: Mrs. Irving Knickerbocker and Miss Winifred Knickerbocker, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bok, Mrs. J. P. Montgomery, Miss Mary A. Montgomery, Miss Mary P. Montgomery, Miss Ethel G. Boker, Miss Frances Ogden, Mr. and Mrs. Robison, Miss Margaret Robinson, Henry W. Desmond, Mrs. Floyd-Jones, Dr. and Mrs. Alexander McNeish, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Thayer, Miss Katherine Minot and Laurence Minot.

Newport.—One by one the cottages are being opened and made ready for their occupants. Among those who have arrived during the last week are Lord and Lady Pauncefoot with their daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Clement C. Moore, Mrs. Charles H. Berryman, Mrs. Frederick Nelson, Mrs. Ogden Goelt, Mr. Goelt, Miss Goelt, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. Heber R. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Casimir De Rham. Commodore and Mrs. Elbridge T. Gerry gave a large luncheon and sail on their yacht, the *Electra*, yesterday. Miss Charlotte Whiting and Mr. H. D. Havemeyer, Jr., will be married on 11 July, at Swanhurst. Mr. Atherton L. Blight gave his first large dinner of the season last week. Mr. and Mrs. Lorillard Spencer have rented their cottage and will spend the summer at Bar Harbor. Mr. and Mrs. Reginald De Koven are visiting Mrs. Burke Roche. Mr. and Mrs. A. Livingston Mason celebrated their silver-wedding anniversary last week by giving an afternoon tea and reception at Halidon Hall.

GOLF

Garden City.—The Amateur Golf Championship is being played this week on the links of the Garden City Golf Club.

The entries for this event were:

Atlantic City Country Club—E. A. Darbey; Alleghany Country Club—John Moorehead, Jr., B. S. Horne, W. C. Carnegie, O. P. Thompson, E. M. Byers, Jr., H. R. Rea; Ardley—A. De Witt Cochrane, Robert C. Myles, Robert C. Ingles; Allston, Boston—A. G. Lockwood; Apawamis, Rye—Maturin Ballou; Baltimore Country—T. Courtney Jenkins, Ernest Jenkins; Baltusore—Clarence M. Hamilton, Wirt L. Thompson, Grier Campbell; Cincinnati Golf Club—Fay Ingalls, G. H. Ingalls, Nicholas Longworth; Country Club of Buffalo—H. T. Kneeland, C. M. Ramsom; Crescent Athletic Club—J. S. Jones, Garry B. Adams, Sidney Maddock; Country Club of Detroit—John H. Avery, Kenneth Avery, Raymond Russell, Benjamin S. Warren; Chevy Chase Club, Washington—George C. Lafferty; Country Club of Scranton—John H. Brooks; Columbia Golf Club, Washington—Dr. L. L. Harban; Country Club of Westchester—Alexander Morten; Chicago Golf Club—Hugo R. Johnstone; Cleveland Golf Club—T. S. Beckwith, R. A. Rainey; Deal Golf Club—Mortimer M. Singer, George T. Brokaw; Dyker Meadow—E. F. McGlathlin, Daniel Chaucey, A. L. Norris, A. T. Dwight; Englewood—Dr. John A. Wells; Fairfield County—Findlay S. Douglas, T. B. Hooper; Garden City—Walter J. Travis, James B. Baker, Dudley B. Fuller, Jr., H. P. Tailer, Argyle R. Parsons; Harbor Hill—Otto Hochmeyer; Huntington Valley, Philadelphia—William P. Smith, Albert H. Smith, Clayton G. Dickson; Lakewood—Jasper Lynch, W. H. Davis; Laurence Harbor—George E. Armstrong; Meadow Brook—F. O. Beach, Herbert M. Harriman, Richard Peters, Oliver W. Bird; Morris County—James A. Tyng; Myopia—Herbert C. Leeds, Quincy A. Shaw, Jr.; Merion Cricket—William M. McCawley; Milwaukee—James Allen, L. T. Boyd, J. W. Mariner; Montclair—Allan Kennaday; Newport—I Townsend Burden, Jr., A. M. Coats, James G. Stillman, F. C. Havemeyer; North Jersey—Archibald Graham; Oakley, Boston—James G. Thorpe, Gardiner G. Hubbard; Orford, Conn.—J. P. Cheney, Walter B. Cheney; Onwentsia—William Walker; Princeton—John Stuart, Percy R. Pyne, 2d; Philadelphia Cricket—James L. Lineaweaver, Charles P. Lineaweaver, Wilson Potter; Point Judith—Charles Hitchcock; Powelton—Gilman P. Tiffany, Joseph Chadwick, Jr.; Rockaway—Amory G. Hodges; Red Jacket, Buffalo—Arthur L. Pennell; Swannanoa, S. C.—H. H. Cumming; St. Andrew's—Arden M. Robbins, John Reid, Jr., Archie M. Reid, Harry Holbrook; Shinnecock—Tiffany Richardson; Seabright—J. Prentice Kellogg; Sinnissippi, Wis.—Albert Scholler; St. Louis—Stewart Stickney; Tuxedo—Grenville Kane; Westbrook—Charles L. Tappin, R. C. Watson, Jr., Louis Livingston, Harry B. Hollins, Jr.; Westchester Golf—Owen Winston, Irving Brokaw; Wollaston, Boston—E. A. Milliken, R. R. Freeman, Charles B. Cory; Wee Burn—Charles H. Seeley; Wanamisset, Providence—Daniel J. Tully; Yountakab, Nutley—Marc M. Michael.

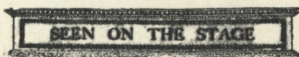
FOREIGN TRAVEL

Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse.—Arriving Tue., 26 June: Dr. W. Seward Webb and party, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Burden, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Cooper Hewitt, Mrs. Richard Irvin, Mrs. Henry Scott, Miss Louise Scott, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Draper, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Davis, and Mr. and Mrs. William Burnham.

St. Louis.—Arriving Sat., 30 June: Mr. and Mrs. Orme Wilson, Orme Wilson, Jr., Thornton Wilson; Egerton L. Winthrop, Mr. and Mrs. Cass Canfield and the Misses L. H. and M. C. Canfield, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Thomas, Mrs. Caroline H. Washburn, Oliver Chichester, the Hon. A. A. Adee, Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Kobbe, Capt. C. H. McKinstry, Miss H. P. Stokes, Mrs. Kingdon, Mrs. Brummell, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wharton.

St. Paul.—Sailing Wed., 27 June: Mrs. J. E. Blake, Miss Blake, Mr. and Mrs. William A. Burnham, Miss Burnham, Master F. M. Burnham, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Converse, the Misses Converse, Dr. H. Holbrook Curtis, Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, Jr., Mr. C. A. Griscom, Mrs. Alfred C. Harrison, Mrs. George L. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gould Jennings, Mrs. William Frederick King, Miss King, Hon. John G. A. Leishman, Miss Paulding, Mr. and Mrs. F. Hopkinson Smith, Miss Smith, Mrs. Charles Emory Smith, Miss Elizabeth Smith, Mr. and Mrs. John B. Warden, Mrs. Frank Watriss, Mr. Bartow S. Weeks, Mrs. Charles Wheeler, Miss Christine Wheeler, Mrs. H. E. Widener, Mr. P. A. B. Wiedener, Hon. Timothy L. Woodruff.

Fuerst Bismarck.—Sailing Thur., 28 June: Mr. and Mrs. Francis Burton Harrison, Miss Havemeyer, Mr. John Hammond, Dr. G. F. Morris, Mr. Dudley Morris, Mr. and Mrs. John Prentice, Mr. and Mrs. John T. Waterbury, the Misses Waterbury.



The trend toward including comediettas among the features of vaudeville shows is extending, so that at the moment there is hardly a house that does not offer at least one little sketch, interpreted by specially selected players. At the Pleasure Palace, The Peacemakers, a short play, is one of the attractions, Georgia Welles, Ralph Stuart, and Francis Powers appearing in it. A second sketch is also given at this house, Nan Lewald being the star, Gus Pixley and Harold Vosberg are her aids in presenting the farce, which has an official title, The Deputy Sheriff.

Digby Bell gives a monologue entertainment at Keith's, and this house also has a little play—The Mayor's Appointment—by the James E. Barrow Company. The numbers of the programme include tricks by the trained cockatoos of Marzella, acrobatic maneuverings by Farnum and Seymour, and songs by a colored soprano.

Taming a Bride is the sensational title of a new comedietta which John Frederic Cook is giving at Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theatre, his aids being Dallas Tyler and Dennett Walker. This is followed by an ambitious variety performance that includes the Bachelor Quartette; a girl trombone soloist, Josephine Harvey; the Rixford Brothers, head balancers; Proro, a juggler. Both at this house and at Keith's, the motion pictures continue to be one of the most popular features of the programme.—At Proctor's Twenty-third Street house a new farce, A Surprise Party, is on the bill, the players being Grace Belasco, Blanche Homans, Lou Stevens, and George Wright. Songs and imitations are offered by Jennie Yeaman; dancing and singing are contributed by Cole and Johnson, "coon" star negroes, and Manning and Davis appear in The Irish Pawnbroker. A number of other well-known specialists fill out the programme.

An operetta is heard on the roof garden of the New York Theatre, Jes' Lak White Folks, which is a holdover. The new numbers for this week include the four Collines, tourbillon dancers; the Great Montrell, comic juggler; the Fransiolo Sisters, singers and dancers.

The Rounders is given nightly in the auditorium of the Casino, to large and appreciative audiences. Mr. Thomas Seabrooke and his vivacious aids having apparently lost none of their old-time popularity. The roof garden at this house has a series of shows which are called by the eccentric title of summer soirées. They differ not in the least from an average variety show so that there appears to be no special point in the title.

Bohemian Girl is the Lenox Lyceum opera of the week. May Fiske, Henry C. Peakes, and William Handt-Foram are the principals.—Koster and Bial's is now known as the flags-of-all-nations roof garden, as it is the intention of the managers to devote a week each to characteristic entertainments of various nations. The present, very naturally, is American week. The performers include the Tennis Trio, the

Lane sisters, the Olympia Quartette, Josephine Sabel, Al Waltz, Jess Dandy, and many others.

The Runaway Girl is to have a Saturday matinee at Manhattan Beach as well as the usual evening performances. This gay diversion will be followed on Monday next by Primrose and Dockstader's Minsrel Company, which will not only appear on week day evenings and Saturday matinees, but the company is also to give an entertainment at Sunday matinees with Fanciulli's band, which is an innovation that must cause disquiet to those who disapprove of Sunday entertainment.

Venetian Terrace, the Victoria roof garden, which, it is remembered, can be covered over in case of cold or rain, has, among other attractions, a tiny fellow, Charles Ross, who impersonates women; the Johnson brothers, who climb ladders on bicycles; the De Forrest whirling dancers; the Bonnellis hoop and barrel tricksters; Effie Fay and Mlle. Chanton.

DESCRIPTIONS OF FASHIONS

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LEFT FIGURE.—Smart lizard-green linen frock, made with fitted flounce at the bottom, joined to the skirt with deep ecrú point d'Arab lace. From the belt to the flounce the skirt is laid in tucks and the bodice corresponds. Shoulder-capes of point d'Arab are finished at the edge with a stitched band of linen. The vest is of sheer, hand-tucked, white mull. Girdle of stitched linen, covered with narrow, black ribbon velvet, tied in little loops just off the front. White mull undersleeves fasten in a tight linen cuff, also smartened with velvet bands. Picturesque hat of white, rough straw, with a large, black, Louis XVI. velvet bow, and a girdle of velvet about the crown, tied in a small bow in the back.

MIDDLE FIGURE.—Rose linen batiste gown, made with inverted plaits, caught with two bands plaid knee-depth. At the very bottom of the flare-skirt are two narrow rows of ribbon velvet, with black straw buttons between. Eton jacket, made of plaited batiste, that hangs free, carrying out the motif of velvet and straw; buttons both at bottom and on the double collar and cuffs. Shirt waist of deep, ecrú tucked net. Smart pink enamel buttons, rimmed with gold, fasten the Eton in front. Hat of pink straw, with a large, black velvet bow and black roses. Long, black gloves and a pink sunshade give further charm to the costume.

RIGHT FIGURE.—Gown of French-blue piqué, with black silk braid on white linen bands about the bottom. Bodice caught in a high girdle of black moiré, which continues under revers of white linen, bound with black. Persian-embroidered bands are inserted in the vest. Hat of black straw, with a dashing black bow and pink roses.

PAGE 453

LEFT FIGURE.—Gown of French blue barege, a material which, in its soft texture, admirably adapts itself to the clinging lines so much in vogue.

An over bodice, goods tucked diagonally, the tucks running straight over the shoulders and down the sleeve without the dividing line between the sleeve and bodice, gives an unusually smart tone to the frock. The collar is of mull, laid in fine plaits, and edged with a very open design of deep yellow lace.

Vest of mull, shirred to a sharp point. Top and bottom is covered with bits of lace flowers and appliqué. Over the vest, meeting in the centre, are two plastrons of the yellow lace, while the sleeve is finished with the same, and smaller squares are laid on the bottom of each box-plait.

MIDDLE FIGURE.—Gown of embroidered cotton grenadine. Tan shade, with white dots. A vest of white moiré poplin, embroidered in buff threads. A stock collar of white satin ribbon, and a semi-sailor collar crossing the back of black satin, edged with buff Irish lace. From this collar depends a Roman scarf, laid in loose bias folds. The softest arrangement of color in these stripes should be used; a soft pink, white, black, and green give the best results. The bodice is slashed at the waistline, and an under bodice of black liberty satin

(Continued on page v)



THE LATEST FRENCH HYGIENIC CORSET

MME. GARDNER

Corsets made to order

52 West 21st Street

All the newest models Corsets

For reducing corpulency and lengthening the waist

Perfect fit guaranteed

OUR NEWLY IMPROVED FRENCH CORSET



is the most graceful creation anywhere on display this season. We consider it a triumph of construction which, while it lacks not a particle of beauty and elegance, yields nevertheless the highest degree of comfort to wearers.

We make them of Coutille for \$5.00 to \$12.00.

Silk or Linen Batiste from \$15.00 to \$20.00.

The very best bone only used.

We generally make these Corsets to order, but carry sufficient stock to display their quality and style.

VIAU'S ABDOMINAL CORSETS

LONG WAISTED. of special design, made very short over the hips, leaving nothing under the belt to prevent corset from curving in to reduce as much as desired.

Prices \$5.00 and upward.

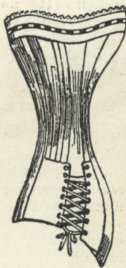
We also make a corset for deformed ladies. By the use of a patent spring any deformity is overcome in any part of the body. If one side of the body is smaller than the other, it can be made to appear perfectly straight.

Promptness and satisfaction guaranteed.

Send for Circular.

B. VIAU

69 West 23d Street, N. Y.



"LADIES' SHINE"

"A Much-needed innovation started at a shoe-shop, patronized principally by women, is a platform and chair at one side, where patrons and those who are not patrons may step in and have their walking-boots cleaned and polished by a most expert and polite young employee. So deftly is it done, and so thoroughly, that the 'ladies' shine' not only does not injure a fine shoe, but it lasts for several days. All the shoeshops should adopt this sensible idea at once. Women having maids to keep their shoes and boots in order are few, relatively, while the prospective patrons of the 'chair' are innumerable, and eager for the privilege."

This clipping is from May 24th issue of VOGUE. The shop referred to is

BURT'S

54 West 23d Street

Exclusive Retailers in New York City of the Celebrated

"EDWIN C. BURT" SHOE

Our lines of Tan and Black Kid Oxfords for summer wear are very complete and handsome.

BURT'S

54 WEST 23d STREET
NEW YORK



The Success of the Golfing Sweater

is due to the fact that it is

SENSIBLE
COMFORTABLE
BECOMING

To play Golf well, or in any vigorous exercise, perfect freedom of movement is absolutely necessary. That is what the Sweater gives. It does not bind under the arms, but gives with one's every movement. We have them in stock in a variety of sizes, styles, and colors, and are prepared to make them to order at short notice, the price ranging from \$5.00 to \$15.00, according to style of stitch and cut of garment. Material and directions for self-making sent for \$1.50.

Alice Maynard

Removed to
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A New Wrinkle

Science now serves in the eradication of wrinkles. The new wrinkle for wrinkles is based on the scientific principle of muscular control. It enables those who have wrinkles to remove them. It helps those who are still beautiful to prevent them. The

B. & P.

Wrinkle Eradicator

is the safest, surest and most wonderful help ever offered to women for the preservation of youthful beauty. No chemicals. Simple and permanent. Free book describes wonderful power. $\frac{1}{4}$ box, 25 cts.; $\frac{1}{2}$ box, 50 cts.; full box, \$1.00.

Advice by correspondence to buyers of \$1.00 boxes.

THE B. & P. CO. (Two Women)
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Hygeia Obesity Tea is a marvellously successful remedy for surplus fat. Used for many years in the private practice of Drs. Emmet and Helen Denmore, specialists in obesity and chronic diseases, many of whose patients were members of prominent New York families. Reduces the weight naturally and scientifically with positive benefit to the health. Trial package, with interesting circulars, to cents. At all leading druggists. Hygeia Mfg. Co., 18 West 34th St., N. Y.



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MALVINA

Cream and Lotion

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"We recently ordered a chemical examination of many different cosmetics and found one made of exceptional merit, viz: Malvina Cream. It is the ideal applicant for removing freckles, tan, sunburn, pimples, liver moles and curing all skin diseases, the most perfect curative our experts ever analyzed, as it removes the cause instead of merely covering up the imperfections. We extend to Malvina Cream the full endorsement of the U. S. Health Report."

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Use Malvina Lethyl Soap, 25c. a cake.

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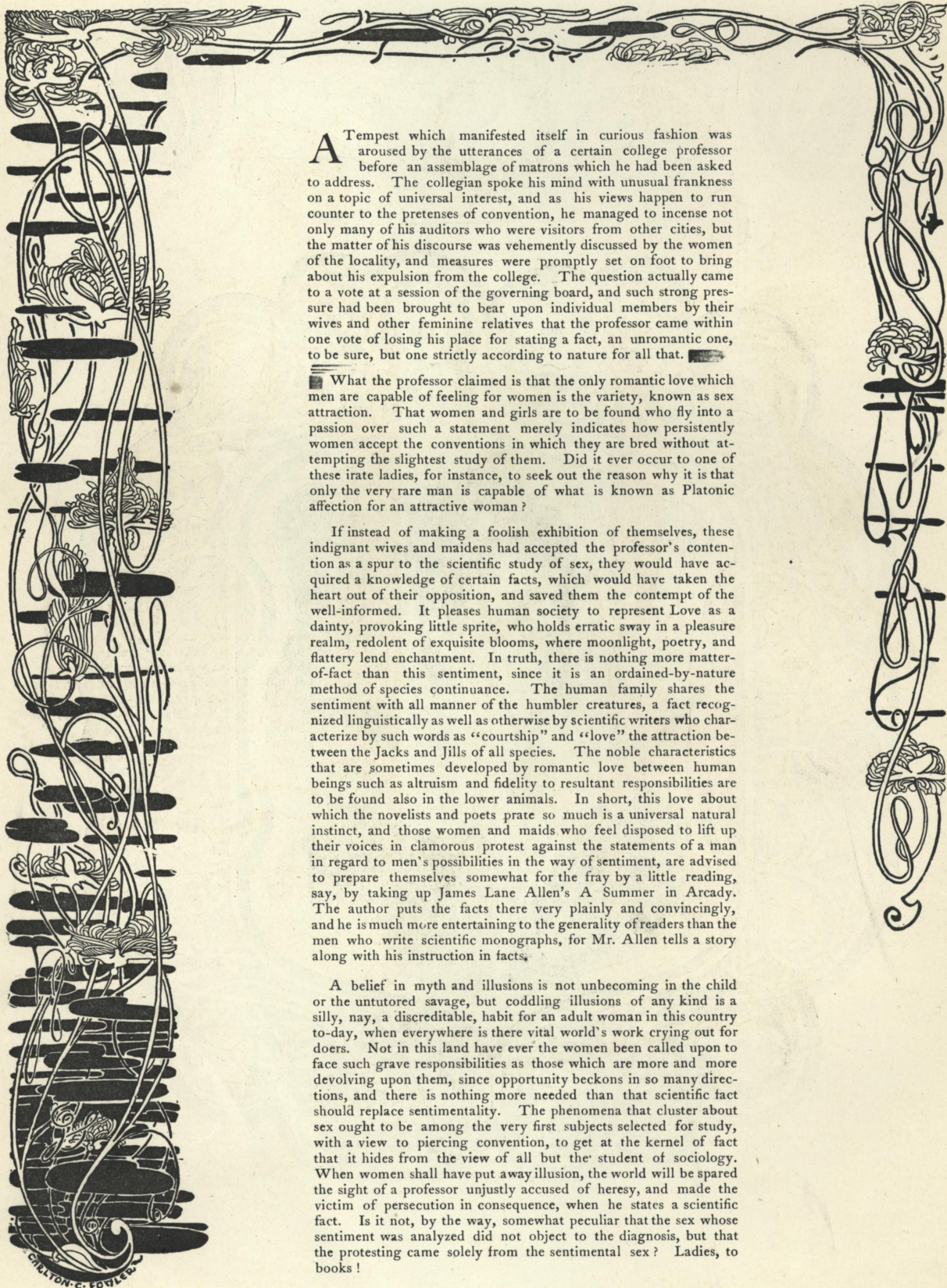
NEW YORK CITY

The PANSY CORSET CO.



CARLTON
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MRS. FRANCIS BURRALL HOFFMAN



A Tempest which manifested itself in curious fashion was aroused by the utterances of a certain college professor before an assemblage of matrons which he had been asked to address. The collegian spoke his mind with unusual frankness on a topic of universal interest, and as his views happen to run counter to the pretenses of convention, he managed to incense not only many of his auditors who were visitors from other cities, but the matter of his discourse was vehemently discussed by the women of the locality, and measures were promptly set on foot to bring about his expulsion from the college. The question actually came to a vote at a session of the governing board, and such strong pressure had been brought to bear upon individual members by their wives and other feminine relatives that the professor came within one vote of losing his place for stating a fact, an unromantic one, to be sure, but one strictly according to nature for all that.

What the professor claimed is that the only romantic love which men are capable of feeling for women is the variety, known as sex attraction. That women and girls are to be found who fly into a passion over such a statement merely indicates how persistently women accept the conventions in which they are bred without attempting the slightest study of them. Did it ever occur to one of these irate ladies, for instance, to seek out the reason why it is that only the very rare man is capable of what is known as Platonic affection for an attractive woman?

If instead of making a foolish exhibition of themselves, these indignant wives and maidens had accepted the professor's contention as a spur to the scientific study of sex, they would have acquired a knowledge of certain facts, which would have taken the heart out of their opposition, and saved them the contempt of the well-informed. It pleases human society to represent Love as a dainty, provoking little sprite, who holds erratic sway in a pleasure realm, redolent of exquisite blooms, where moonlight, poetry, and flattery lend enchantment. In truth, there is nothing more matter-of-fact than this sentiment, since it is an ordained-by-nature method of species continuance. The human family shares the sentiment with all manner of the humbler creatures, a fact recognized linguistically as well as otherwise by scientific writers who characterize by such words as "courtship" and "love" the attraction between the Jacks and Jills of all species. The noble characteristics that are sometimes developed by romantic love between human beings such as altruism and fidelity to resultant responsibilities are to be found also in the lower animals. In short, this love about which the novelists and poets prate so much is a universal natural instinct, and those women and maids who feel disposed to lift up their voices in clamorous protest against the statements of a man in regard to men's possibilities in the way of sentiment, are advised to prepare themselves somewhat for the fray by a little reading, say, by taking up James Lane Allen's *A Summer in Arcady*. The author puts the facts there very plainly and convincingly, and he is much more entertaining to the generality of readers than the men who write scientific monographs, for Mr. Allen tells a story along with his instruction in facts.

A belief in myth and illusions is not unbecoming in the child or the untutored savage, but coddling illusions of any kind is a silly, nay, a discreditable, habit for an adult woman in this country to-day, when everywhere is there vital world's work crying out for doers. Not in this land have ever the women been called upon to face such grave responsibilities as those which are more and more devolving upon them, since opportunity beckons in so many directions, and there is nothing more needed than that scientific fact should replace sentimentality. The phenomena that cluster about sex ought to be among the very first subjects selected for study, with a view to piercing convention, to get at the kernel of fact that it hides from the view of all but the student of sociology. When women shall have put away illusion, the world will be spared the sight of a professor unjustly accused of heresy, and made the victim of persecution in consequence, when he states a scientific fact. Is it not, by the way, somewhat peculiar that the sex whose sentiment was analyzed did not object to the diagnosis, but that the protesting came solely from the sentimental sex? Ladies, to books!



SMART LINEN GOWNS

FOR "DESCRIPTIONS OF FASHIONS," SEE ANOTHER PAGE



HAPHAZARD JOTTINGS

BOSTON'S MUNICIPAL ICE SERVICE—RURAL
DEGENERACY—TWO-FAMILY HOUSES—
ALPHONSO XIII. WILL BE KING AT
SIXTEEN—PROVISION FOR WORK-
INGMEN'S HOMES IN NEW
ZEALAND—
DISCOURAGING MR. BIRRELL—THE OTHER
SEX IN FIELD AND LAUNDRY
OCCUPATIONS

AN interesting characteristic of one New York journal is its habit of permitting intelligent correspondents to criticise its editorial statements. Not infrequently more knowledge and sounder reasoning are on the side of the protestant, in which case the editor sets up no defense. A well-informed critic recently undertook to show up the fallacies in a leading article in regard to the undesirableness of municipal ownership as illustrated by the ice supply experience of Boston, where the municipality was found, upon investigation, to have been charging \$60 a ton for what private enterprise would have supplied for \$3. To the editorial claim that this extravagance and mismanagement told against the theory of municipal ownership, the correspondent made reply to the effect that the Postoffice is public ownership on a large scale, and where can be found any sane person who would suggest its transference to private enterprise? Berlin, which is frequently held up as a model for American cities, it is claimed by the correspondent, supplies other instances of public ownership. For instance, it operates its own car lines and other means of city travel, and the fares are already lower than those in this country. Russia, it was pointed out, owns all the railways in her domains, and, in spite of the undoubted corruption of Russian officials, transportation is cheaper all over Russia than in this country. To all of which there was no editorial reply. It is noticeable that other journals than the Times have seized upon the Boston ice incident to point a moral against public ownership. Fortunately, opinion or prejudice cannot forever bar progress, although it may delay it: whether one advocate or oppose it, the scope of public ownership will inevitably be much widened during the next decade.

**

Among the papers read at the National Charities Conference, held this spring, one of the most impressive, as well as important, was Prof. F. W. Blackmar's Social Degeneration in the Rural Districts. A prime feeder of viciousness was declared to be the habit men in the country have of gathering in the evenings and on Sundays in stores and on the farm and, in default of books or local happenings of importance, it being the custom of the loungers to make the exchange of impure stories the staple of their conversation. The speaker averred

that the effect of a polluted imagination in social and individual degeneration has never been estimated. The mind given over to vile language and vile thoughts tends to imbecility; the moral nature loses all perception of right and wrong. The other causes of rural degeneracy were stated to be: The lack of proper police force, bad sanitation, isolation, improper means of education, unwise philanthropy, bad punitive and judicial systems, the inducements the country offers to vagabond life, the lack of rational recreation. It should be borne in mind that the degeneracy referred to is that of native-born Americans of the second and third generation on American farms and in American villages. A melancholy showing this, at the dawn of the twentieth century. Among remedies suggested is the establishment of college settlements, a means of grace and saving that have accomplished wonders among the foreign population of the slums in big cities like London, Chicago, and New York.

A noticeable feature of upper New York is dwelling-houses of an inexpensive type designed for two families. These are, in many instances, pretty frame-houses, having a small porch over the doorway, the roof of which forms the floor of a small balcony for those who occupy the upper suite of rooms. A door opens on to the balcony. After passing blocks of apartments, suggestive of caravanseries, these pretty homes are a pleasant change for the eye. The model has been used in several of the suburbs, and it is said that they are popular with tenants of the better class. In lower New York, land is too valuable to put up such structures, but how charming it would be if some portions of the upper part of the city could be permanently given up to one-family and two-family homes; perhaps the trees and grass might have a chance then.

**

Public interest in Spain since the close of the war in which she recklessly embarked has lapsed, and consequently it is not often that readers of American journals meet with special correspondence from that country; it was therefore pleasurable alike for its variety as a topic and because of the special feature of the letter to meet with correspondence from Spain published in the Evening Post. The entire contribution was devoted to the King of Spain, and many interesting facts in regard to him were disclosed. He attained his fourteenth year in May, and as he is to ascend the throne on the anniversary of his birth, 17 May in 1902, his minority is drawing to a close. His mother, Donna Maria Christina of Hapsburg, has devoted her life to guiding and guarding her son, her counsel having been marked by intelligence of a high order. The boy shows great aptitude for learning, and his studies embrace a broad range of subjects. He is already an accomplished linguist. His mother has carefully looked after his health, which has always been delicate, and she has, moreover, judiciously encouraged him to take up outdoor sports. Alphonso XIII. has had systematic drilling in military science, a select band of young nobles being drilled with him. The king has Pope Leo XIII. as a godfather, and his mother has done all in her power to make a loyal Catholic of her son. In addition to all the activities already noted, it is now suggest-

ed by the Spanish press that the youth be put into contact with the country and the people, and hear from men of all classes what the duties and responsibilities of a ruler are in a country, which, while ostensibly committed to parliamentary and constitutional methods, is, in fact, governmentally much less progressive. Poor king, cheated of his childhood and his youth, and about to set out on the thorny path of developing a nation!

**

Even in what the rest of the world is wont to regard as a very new country, New Zealand, the proper housing of the working class has reached such an acute stage that, according to special correspondence of the Times, the Government some time ago began resuming possession of lands for the purpose of leasing them to workmen at rentals representing five per cent. of the purchase money. The Government has selected about one hundred acres of land in addition to the land which it has already leased to workmen in perpetuity in the vicinity of several centres of population. Owners of land which the Government decides to purchase, must either sell at valuation placed upon it by the Land Tax Department, or it will be taken from them. The large tract, already referred to, is to be cut up into sections varying from half an acre to three acres, and the workman will be able to live in a rural community, with pure air, and where, if he be so disposed, he or his wife can cultivate garden truck. It is estimated that including fare to and from his work, the rental paid by the workman will be from \$1.75 to \$2 a week. The whole scheme is socialistic.

**

In an address on the possibility of telling a good book from a bad one, delivered by Augustine Birrell some months ago, that brilliant critic summed up the matter in the most discouraging fashion imaginable. Said he: To tell a good book from a bad one is, then, a troublesome job, demanding, first, a strong understanding; second, knowledge, the result of study and comparison; third, delicate sentiment. If you have some measure of these gifts, which, though in part the gift of the gods, may also be acquired, and can always be improved, and can avoid prejudice—political prejudice, social prejudice, religious prejudice, irreligious prejudice (and here follow a long catalogue of prejudices of social, national, and educational environment), if you can give all these the slip and manage to live just a little above the clouds and mists of your own generation why, then with luck, you may be right nine times out of ten in your judgment of a dead author, and ought not to be wrong more frequently than perhaps three times out of seven in the case of living authors. The requirements for judging are so very exacting that most readers will continue to do as they have done heretofore—devour what pleases their fancy and pronounce the work good or ill, according or not as it meets the level of their taste in books.

**

A curious movement in the direction of exchange of labor between the sexes is to be noted in two facts recently made public. One draws attention to the scarcity of men for crop gathering in the west and northwest, a scarcity

(Continued on page 454)



CREPE AND VEILING GOWNS

FOR "DESCRIPTIONS OF FASHIONS," SEE ANOTHER PAGE

(Continued from page 452)

that results from the great demand for men in the mining industry. In order to overcome this condition, the employment agencies in the west are in receipt of applications for field service from women of foreign birth. They are accustomed to land work in their native fields, and they prefer it to cooking, dish-washing, milking, and laundering. The western press severely criticises the proposed innovation and draws repellent pictures of women toiling with bared arms and bent bodies in the harvest-fields of the country. To the non-sentimental person, this use of woman seems to hold no more of discomfort for her than toiling bare-armed and bent of body over washtubs and cookstoves in a hot kitchen. The problem of the infant complicates matters somewhat. But this might be overcome by limiting the field workers to the spinster and the childless wife or widow.

* *

The other example of labor exchange is afforded in New York City laundries, where men are said to be supplanting women at the ironing board and at the tub. They are found, so it is claimed, to be better able to endure the work, and they are more dependable in that they are less apt to absent themselves. With washermen coming into the arena and with men dressmakers already there, competition for domestic and family work threatens to become lively between the sexes.

A FREAK OF FORTUNE

BY EDWARD MUMFORD

Robley's affair was not prospering. For a year he had been in love with Alice Highland, the daughter of the famous oculist, and his friends all looked on it as a settled thing. So did Miss Alice's friends, all but one. Unfortunately for Robley, that one was the doctor.

So far as Miss Alice herself was concerned, the issue, once stated, was blissfully out of doubt in ten minutes. But the room in which he interviewed her father had not such comfortable furniture in it, as Robley afterward recalled, and it had a strong light, against which the firm line of the doctor's chin showed to advantage. The particular chair Robley sat on proved to be very uncomfortable indeed, and he did not stay long.

As it happened, the next day Charley Hammond, who assumed the friendly privilege of making humorous and inopportune remarks, dropped in at Robley's office.

"Well, how's Highland stock, old man?" said he. "Going up?"

"No; gone up." Robley's tone was almost savage. "I saw her father yesterday."

"Oh, I see. No wonder the stock has declined, then. They say the old man's a bear. What did he do to you?"

"Well, I had hardly opened my mouth when he said: 'Er-a, Mr. Robley, you are a broker, I believe.' And when I said yes, he went on to say a broker's living must be precarious—liable to be swept away any moment, and all that. I told him how well I am doing, but he wouldn't listen—said in any case an alliance with a man whose trade was gambling was an honor he must decline."

"Confound him," put in Hammond, "does he think you keep a bucket-shop?"

"I asked him that, and he said it made little difference what one called it. I wanted to tell him I'd rather steal from full-grown men with their eyes open than to sneak money out of the pockets of poor, blind women by pretending to make them see."

"Well, why didn't you?"

"Fact is, Charley, I was too mad to speak. I just stood there and glared at him. He knew what I thought of him, though. When I left he was looking pretty mean. But, say, what can you do with a man like that?"

As there appeared to be nothing to be done with a man like that, Robley did not do anything, but went around gloomy and discouraged. When Jack Robley was down in the mouth it was safe to say there was some reason for it. And this is why it must be asserted that Robley's affair was in a bad way.

A man's good fortune sometimes puts on queer disguises, but the fickle goddess surely never wore form less promising than that of Miss Hepzibah Smith. The fact that, like the goddess, she was half blind, was her only apparent qualification for the part. But, as it turned out, this apparent qualification was a real one.

Miss Hepzibah was a maiden lady, who lived in a lonely suburb. She was not attractive; she wore one curl in front of, and two behind, each ear, and her voice, like her taste in bonnets, was uncertain. Robley, known to her as "my nephew Johnny," visited her once a month, not because of her excellent memory for passages in his youth he preferred to have forgotten, but because he was genuinely sorry for her. She disapproved of him openly as one who was not orthodox, and in her heart was immensely proud of him.

Some weeks after Robley's unfortunate interview with Dr. Highland, Miss Hepzibah was sitting in the doctor's office, clutching the arms of her chair, and starting at every sound. She rarely came to the city, and her journey from her home to the doctor's had been a series of thrilling and providential escapes from trolley cars, and trains, and drays. Her nerves were, in consequence, completely unstrung when she arrived; but in addition to this she felt that she had been received with scant consideration by a Young Person who wore her hair in indecent frizzes, and who kept up an annoying clicking on a typewriter. Then the doctor asked impertinent questions, and put her through incomprehensible exercises in a dark room, and finally she had seen two red lines where there was only one; and that frightened her, for she knew she must be going totally blind.

By the time, therefore, that she had been set down in a corner of the outer office, with drops in her eyes, to await further mysterious and terrifying ordeals, it was not surprising that Miss Hepzibah was in a "state of mind." For some time she sat with her eyes closed, for fear that when they were opened she would find her sight gone. Finally she did open her eyes, and, only partially relieved by the discovery that she could see, glanced furtively about her.

The doctor's office had its usual fringe of patients, staring solemnly at each other, and trying not to look conscious of being stared at in turn. Miss Hepzibah thought them the queerest lot of people. The man on the sofa wore goggles, and he was a most unpleasant-

looking person. She fell to wondering why he wore goggles, anyway. She was sure he had some loathsome disease; probably one eye was gone already, and the other—

Miss Hepzibah shuddered, and shut her eyes again. She couldn't bear to look at him. "Such people ought not to be allowed to go about," she said to herself. There was the woman with the green patch, for instance, anyone could see she must be horribly disfigured.

"Some awful accident, I guess," was Miss Hepzibah's conclusion. "Fell down-stairs with the scissors in her hand, most likely."

Even with her eyes closed her mind traveled rapidly from one to the other of the patients, as she wondered what had brought them there. It was dreadful to be shut up with a roomful of such people.

"Some eye diseases are so contagious. There's Amanda Perkins lost her eye, and had to get a glass one, and they say she caught it by just wiping her face on the towel in the railroad station. Dear me, I wonder what is the matter with that goggles man!"

She looked toward him again, but was now alarmed to find she could not see him at all! There was a dull blur of color and form, but no room, no woman with the patch, no typewriter. Miss Hepzibah started up with a little scream. She forgot about the drops, about the doctor's directions, everything. It had come at last! She knew it—she was going blind!

"What is it, madam?" asked the Young Person, coming to the rescue.

"Oh, call the doctor, please," gasped Miss Hepzibah. "I'm going to faint."

Which she promptly did; and the doctor came in haste, and with the aid of the man in goggles, carried her up-stairs.

Some minutes later a bell sounded in a broker's office down-town, and Robley went to the telephone. Whereupon the office-boy heard the following:

"Hel-lo!"

"Ye-es."

"Wha-at's that? Who'd you say?"

"Ah—rats! Come off, Charley, I know you. Can't fool me. What's up now?"

"Hey? Wha'd you say? Little closer to the 'phone, old man."

"Doctor? What doctor?"

"O—oh, Coney Island. When—this evening? Ah! you fat rascal. Wife's away from home, hey? Well, you're a birdie. Pining for a vaudeville show, hey? Well, all right; I'm—what's that?"

"Aunt Hepzibah there? Why, what in thunder? Where are you, anyway?"

"At 2000 Blank Avenue? Why, that's—Whom did I understand you to say this is talking?"

"Oh, the—deuce! I beg your pardon, Dr. Highland. I understood you to say Coney Island, you know. I really thought—"

Part of what Robley thought he was still thinking during the bad quarter-hour he spent in a cab on the way to the relief of Miss Hepzibah.

"I've been a good many kinds of blanked fool in my day," was his bitter reflection, "but I guess this takes the trick. If I'd let him alone he'd probably have come round in time. But to call him a fat rascal! He'll never forgive me. It's too near the truth. And a 'birdie'—"

Robley groaned. "Of course, he thought I did it on purpose; or else that I was a precious

stupid ass not to know him. Either way, it cooks my goose."

But Robley had not seen the pompous Dr. Thomas Dudley Highland clinging to a telephone-box for support, with his face redder and his breath shorter than when he carried his patient up-stairs. For if there was anything on earth Dr. Highland enjoyed thoroughly, it was a good joke on another man.

When he came back he was still in rare good humor. "Miss Smith," he said, "I don't know about this nephew of yours. Is he the sort of fellow one can trust?"

Now, Aunt Hepzibah, who had not been taken into confidence, evidently knew more than she was supposed to, for she peered at the doctor shrewdly over her smelling-salts.

"Trust him?" she repeated. "With an old lady, doctor, or a young one?"

"Oh, with anything," answered the doctor, parrying. "Or, suppose we say, with money." "I'd trust him with mine, if I had any. And if I had a daughter——" Miss Hepzibah paused.

Hum. Well," said the doctor, looking somewhere else, "if you had a daughter——"

But Miss Hepzibah's faintness was evidently coming on again, for she sank back behind the smelling-salts and her fan.

If it was true that, as he had told his daughter, Dr. Highland had failed to see how any woman could love such a man, he began to understand it the moment Robley entered the room. For, after the most formal of bows, he found himself apparently forgotten, while the old lady's querulousness was soothed with cheery banter. There was a manly tenderness in Robley the doctor had never suspected, and he observed with growing astonishment the fact with which Miss Hepzibah was coaxed off her sofa, and down the stairs, and into the cab.

When her nephew had safely tucked her in he came back for his hat, and there in the hall stood the doctor. In a few coldly polite words Robley expressed his thanks for the other's courtesy.

"I beg you won't mention it," said the doctor, visibly the more embarrassed of the two. "I owe you something, I am afraid, from our last meeting. Shall we call it square?" And he held out his hand.

But Robley withheld his. "You forget, sir, perhaps, that I keep a bucket-shop," he said.

The doctor laughed. "Come, I like your spirit. But you really must forgive me. Unless you wish me to tell this young lady what you called me over the telephone," and he glanced toward the door, where Miss Alice Highland was just then entering.

The young man turned, and there was a moment's constrained silence. Robley wouldn't break it. Alice couldn't. But the doctor could and did. His hand was on Robley's shoulder.

"My dear," said he, "Mr. Robley has been urging me to spend the evening at Coney Island. But if it is perfectly convenient for you, suppose we ask him to take dinner with us instead?"

GLIMPSES

SMART—

Women choose both high- and low-crown hats, as each style leads in ultra-smartness.

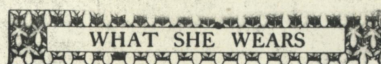
When the low type is found unbecoming, the woman drops it, as she does the high crowned if that does not suit her face, the rule with fashionable women being to stick to the one most becoming. A face and figure may look entrancing with a low crown hat, but which, on the contrary, becomes angular, if not gauche, in a high crown. It is, of course, exceptional women who look equally well in both models.

THAT—

Pale blue remains in high favor, in everything and for everything. No one goes amiss choosing it.

DON'T—

Wear your rather faded light cloth gowns, which have done service during the winter and spring, riding about in the forenoon for shopping or dropping in upon intimate friends in the country. These passé garments give you a dowdy appearance to begin with, and an expression of bankruptcy, besides. A summer sun is kind to freshness only, whether it be cloth or cotton that you wear.



COLLARETTES DISPLACE NECK PLISSÉ RUCHINGS—THREE-QUARTER SORTIE MANTLES—UNDERSLEEVES THAT HAVE AND THOSE THAT HAVE NOT SUCCEEDED OF ADOPTION—

VEILING AND FOULARD IN COMBINATION—BURNT STRAW IN HATS AND COSTUMES FOR MOURNING

COLLARETTES THE CREATION OF A FRENCH ACTRESS

THAT it comes to the turn of plissé neck ruches to disappear in the smart world, and have for substitute the very chic and becoming shoulder collarette, with its long scarf ends in front, its high collar, and lace or mousseline flouncings about the shoulder-line, is but proof that everything wearable, however pretty, having had its days of success, must give place to what is newer, and, in this case, prettier. Accessories of this kind are to be adjusted to each woman's figure and her general contour—that is, they are to be made on her particular lines. The foundation of these shoulder capes is of net or silk, a yoke in shape, perfectly fitted, and upon this base are laid plaitings or puffings of lace over mousseline or tulle, and plissés of either or both around the bottom. The high collars are clearly outlined, à la Medici, or lost in quillings of lace. Some have the longest of scarf ends, flounced and ruched on the bottom, while others have none at all. Loops of velvet, of ribbon, or of bias silk often fill up the yoke of certain models very effectively. These charming collarettes owe their success to a French actress, Mlle. Marsy, who lately introduced a beauty in pearl gray, fringed with chenille of the same shade, in a play called *Maître Guérin*. The long tab ends reached the bottom of her skirt, and were composed entirely of long strands of chenille. These long ends need not necessarily hang straight down; they may be tied into a loose knot and carelessly fastened at the left side. One must study the most becoming way of wearing them. They are to be seen in white, écru, mauve, blue,

pink, and black. Those of black mousseline and black Chantilly lace have ends crossed with entredeux of the same lace their full length. Black and white combinations are very dressy affairs for matrons. One may take afternoon drives in them, and keep them on in paying visits, so light are they, and so extremely dressy. This is a hint for the ceremonious wear they are intended for later.

As for the three-quarter "sortie" style of mantle, nothing is thought too costly in the way of lace and other trimming; in fact, nothing else now worn shows off to the admiring world how superb our laces are. White old English lace, point d'Angleterre (the older the better), or black Chantilly are mostly met with. White silk linings are used usually, with white chiffon laid under the lace, and the bordering consists either of one or two lace flounces gathered on, or mousseline plissé with the ends pulled out and trimmed with a narrow ruching of the same. Hoods and scarf draperies trim the shoulders, while their fitted high collars may be jetted or beaded in silver or crystal.

THE SLEEVE

Lace and muslin undersleeves, which finish abruptly with a mere narrow band at the wrist, have not been taken up alertly, but those which are fitted into the line of arm and wrist, whether elongated at the wrist by tucks, and then flaring over the hand with lace for fine needlework, do find decided favor. Nothing is more becoming to a pretty hand, and that counts for much in these days of utmost care, when fingers are dressed with jewels worth small fortunes, and the bare hand has become a fashionable fad. Elbow sleeves, with turned-up cuffs, set off these transparent undersleeves to more advantage than a three-quarter sleeve will do. Both lengths, however, are in vogue. Bodices are greatly beautified by the luxuriousness of lace and lawn additions, which mark every gown of any pretension we meet.

ELABORATE TRIMMINGS IN LACE

Full dress skirts of gauze net, lace, or mousseline depend upon lace trimmings almost exclusively, and a costly item it is in an outfit for the season, when dinner and dance-gowns come entirely under that order. Demi-toilettes consume a lesser quantity of lace, when they are trimmed in that fashion. Yet, the yards are not few which cross the skirt in two entredeux of good width, and appear as often on the bodice and sleeves; or the tablier may be carried up to cover the entire front of the corsage montant, and form the neckband as well. The moment one attempts lace, restrictions are vain and boundaries useless.

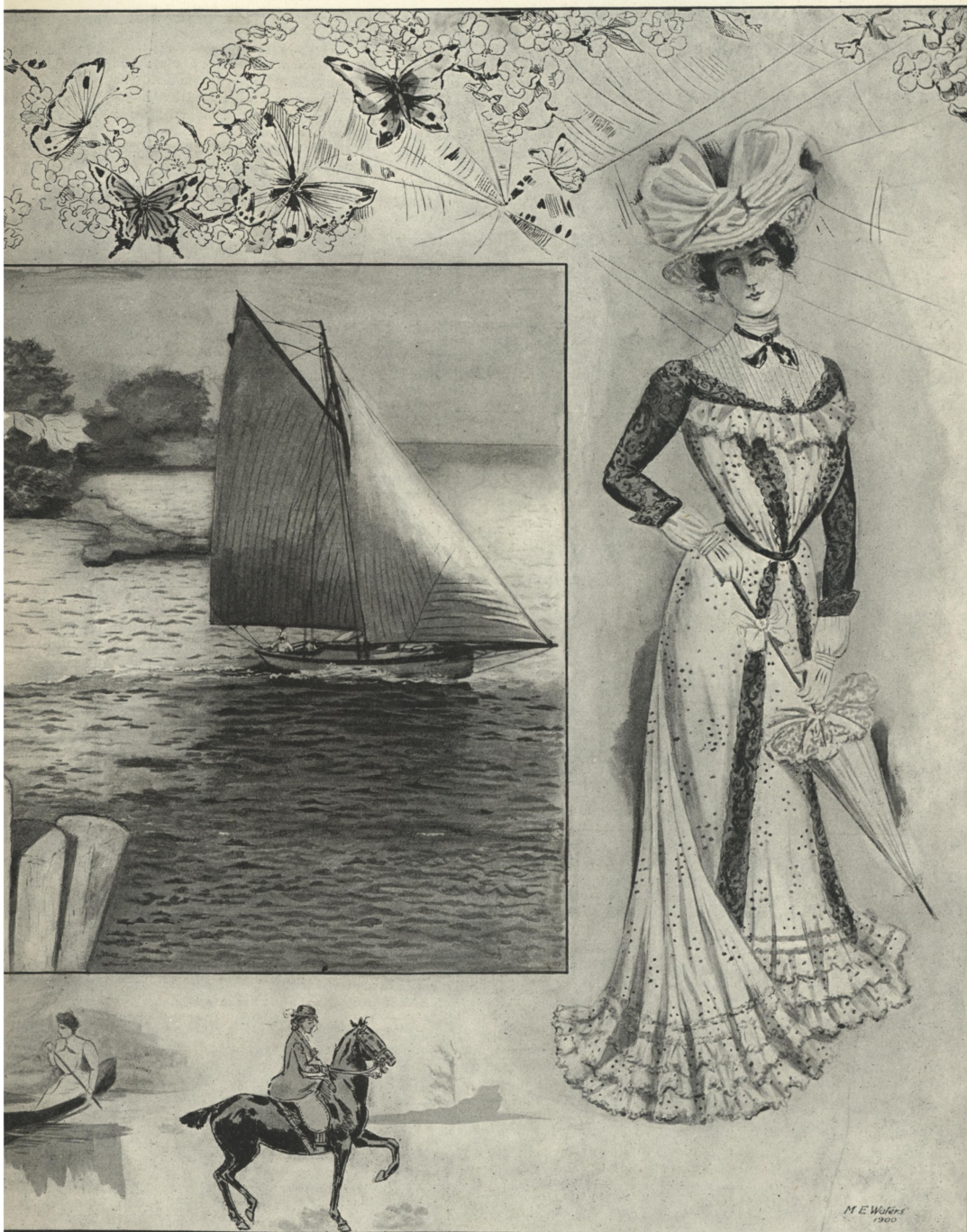
DU BARRY PINK AND WHITE FOULARD

There is something unique and charming about the mingling of veiling and foulard in day-gowns, when smartly done. A beauty in rose du Barry veiling, worn at a recent luncheon on board a yacht, fell delightfully in tone with gowns in mauve and pale pearl-gray. The foulard ground was a cream white with small triangles in pink closely spaced off. A full skirt of this foulard was cut into squares around the bottom, and these were ruched with gathered mousseline to match the pink. Under plissés of white taffeta, with skirt lining, were veiled with white mousseline. Top of skirt in

(Continued on page 458).



FASHIONS FOR
FOR "DESCRIPTIONS OF



SEVERAL OCCASIONS
FASHIONS," SEE ANOTHER PAGE

(Continued from page 455)

veiling, tucked into groups lengthwise, and edged with a fitted foulard band, cut into waved lines, and finished with ruchings of pink mousseline also. Bolero bodice of veiling, slit so as to show an under bodice of fou-

These undersleeves have a mitten shape over-the-hand finish, and are wired to keep in form, but quite invisibly. There is a narrow black velvet Louis XVI. bow at the throat. A yellow straw-lace hat, flat in the back and close to the hair, has a wide curved-out brim bent in the

rave over, should make a point of wearing fichus. Bodices cut down into V's back and front, and the full and half decolletage, are required for such indoor gowns. Scarfs of lace suit such shoulders, and so do those deep, antique, lace collars which are such grande mode at the moment. Leave to others the high neckband chemisette, and the high guimpes of lace or net. Each in its way rightfully belongs to what is smartest, but wherever necks that are lovely in line can be induced to accept this charming mode of dressing prepared for them, so much the greater is the gain of those who love to see fitness wedded to beauty. It should not require much coaxing to urge the wearer into adopting what is admittedly becoming.

CLIPPINGS

BY ADELAIDE LUND

They met in the hall—a man and two women. Coming from their several apartments it chanced that the trio reached the lower hall on the stroke of eight, and here they lingered for the early mail.

These hall meetings in the early morning had grown into a custom, and they had come to know each other well.

Confidences too sacred for words are sometimes exchanged under pressure of waiting; what one of us is so strong as never to have spoken? and who has not felt the quick grip in the throat when the heartless blue-gray man marches straight past? "Nothing to-day," he flings carelessly over his shoulder—and the world is desolate.

But my trio: The Poet, with his heart in his eyes, watched for the carrier, hoping for tidings from his young wife, who had sailed toward her girlhood home weeks previous. The Widow, whose pathetic young face made you sorry, lingered for a message from her fiancé. The Plain Woman, a teacher who roomed three flights, back, hoped this mail would bring a letter from the girl friend with whom she had shared her attic.

The three-barred strip of light slid a trifle lower; out on the street the step of the early pedestrian was merging into the growing roar.

Small talk dwindled into monosyllables; then silence.

"Strange he doesn't come; it's past his time. Perhaps, after all, there is no mail. Certain it is, if I get no word to-day something has gone wrong with the Neptune—thirteen days overdue—My God! if anything has happened to Marcia! I—I couldn't bear it." The Poet's sensitive face quivered.

Then the silence of sympathy fell upon them for a little.

"My letter means everything to me as well." The Pretty Woman's eyes were tear-filled. "I've had trouble with Jack, and yesterday I wrote begging for a line telling me that he will come back—and I—I can't go on my life without him."

The Plain Woman consulted her silver watch. "Late already; I must go; I had hoped to hear from Helen to-day."

Now she loved her friend Helen. They had worked together, fared hard together, and rumor had it that they had half starved together. But time was passing, and she took



middle in front into rather a downward point. The underbrim is finished off with a narrow fold of black velvet. A large bow of white tulle lies across the front, with a centre cluster of white roses and green leaves; more roses and green foliage continue round the crown as a half-wreath.

BURNT STRAW COLOR

Burnt straws are recognized on the other side this season, when suitably trimmed with black, as something new and smart for half-mourning hats. They are worn with black India silks, black and white foulards, black veilings, grenadines, etc., for forenoons and afternoons of an unceremonious nature. This style of hat leads up to linens on much the same shade worn as gowns, trimmed with black in some simple way. Nothing would be more pratique or give more relief during the extreme heated term, when black frocks are most trying. This would be altogether a sensible movement in the proper direction.

A MODE FOR GRACEFUL SHOULDERS

Those who are favored with graceful shoulders, and the sort of neck which artists

lard, was belted in with a high foulard belt well draped. Three-quarter sleeves of veiling, having white mull and lace undersleeves. The neck of bolero is finished off to show a high chemisette and neckband to match.

FOR "DESCRIPTIONS OF FASHIONS," SEE ANOTHER PAGE

her handbag of carefully corrected lesson-papers and went out.

Just then the carrier passed the house. "Nothing for 41," he called out, happily.

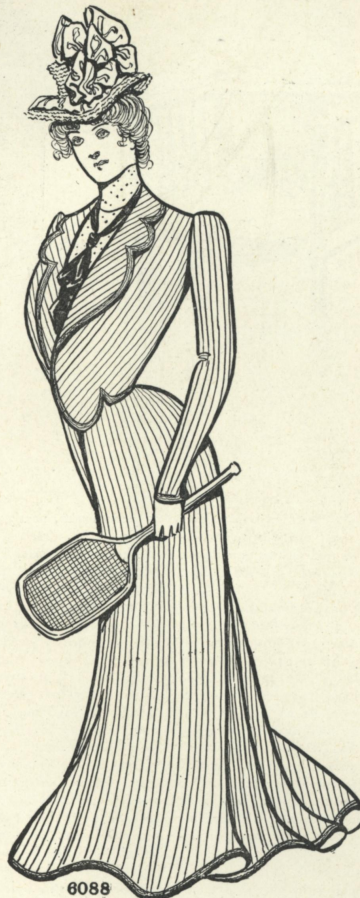
The Plain Woman went on to her sixty-five restless boys; The Poet walked the streets till sundown, and The Pretty Woman retired to her room, ill.

The days came and wore away, bringing mails and mails, but fate ordered that none should contain the longed-for letters.



The Neptune drove ashore off S—, and pretty Marcia was drowned, crying for her poet husband. The Pretty Woman's fiancé forgot her, and The Plain Woman heard indirectly that her friend would remain in that other city with her new friends. When she packed Helen's belongings, she withheld an old sidecomb and a sheet of music; they had bought it the morning she got her appointment; they were rich that day, and learned it together. Lizzie, the maid-of-all-work, tells the story of how, in dusting, she accidentally broke the comb, and of hearing The Plain Woman crying over it "as though the thing were alive."

When the roses bloomed again The Poet married. The Pretty Woman fell in love with the doctor who pulled her through. The



Plain Woman finished her year, but her teaching fell below, and she was not reappointed. She wrote her friend once or twice, but Helen had forgotten. She was probably terribly poor—who knows what a fire and a shelf of books



might not have meant?—but Lizzie says it wasn't that, for the very night she "pegged out" she heard her sobbing over the old music sheet, and mumbling that but for loneliness she could hold out.

FOR "DESCRIPTIONS OF FASHIONS," SEE ANOTHER PAGE

SEEN IN THE SHOPS

[Note.—Readers of Vogue inquiring names of shops where articles are purchasable should enclose stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and state page and date. See illustrations on this page.]

ODD FURNITURE BITS—A QUAIN'T DESK—EN-
GRAVING STAND—CHAIRS SHOWING PEGS
FOR JOINING—LINEN TAFFETA AND
CRETONNES IN UPHOLSTERY—
TRAVELING-CASE FOR THE
OCEAN VOYAGER—
NECKWEAR—UTILITY SKIRTS

NO matter how elaborate or complete the furnishings of a house may be, there is always room for another quaint piece of furniture. Especially just now, when country houses are in full beauty, one is convinced of the beauty of odd furniture, which to-day is as much of a fad as was the antique wave that has but just passed. Of course, lovers of the beautiful will continue their fondness for deep, rich, old mahogany and rosewood, and will collect slowly and surely the true gems; but what I refer to is the furnishing of houses in reproductions that have the distinction of neither old nor new types. In this week's sketches is given a good example in a desk that is unique. It is built of black oak, after a Chinese design, and shows all the intricacy of the Eastern handicraft. For instance, the desk is not stationary, but revolves, disclosing hidden drawers and secret compartments, with many odd little contrivances. A drawer that is entirely out of sight is unlocked with a wooden key, which looks like a Chinese hieroglyphic. There is also a large book- or document-rest that unfolds, and which would be serviceable as a reading- or reviewing-stand. When this delightful desk is not in use, it is more like a cabinet, and it would make a beautiful addition to any room. I fancied a deep, rich, blue, Coleport bowl, picked out with bas-relief of gold, filled with pale-pink roses or blossoms, as the crowning touch of decorative effect. Price of the desk, \$90. Carrying out the same idea, made of the same black wood, in a fascinatingly original design, there is to be had a music cabinet, or manuscript case, or what you will, for \$75. The sketch gives the general idea; but, unfortunately, a line drawing cannot show the artistic finish and coloring. Each drawer is lined with olive-tinted wood, which contrasts with the black outside, and what a fetching combination it makes! But the special feature of this cabinet is the fastening, which is of a roughly carved piece of wood, very much resembling Red Riding Hood's famous "Lift up the latch."

The large, comfortable chair, is again of the same wood in a massive design, that suggests solid comfort—a book and a pipe. This would be an ideal piece for a man's den or library. The seat and cushion are of calf leather, hand-sewn with leather. Big leather nails fasten it securely about the edge. Very smart is a smaller chair, more appropriate for a hall, or, perhaps, even a desk-chair, made in an odd shape with tall, straight back, latticed with strips of calfskin, with a seat to correspond; it is fit, in fact, for any livable room. Price, \$22.50.

All the large pieces of the furniture just described, and even the chairs, are put together with pegs, as was the custom in primitive days.

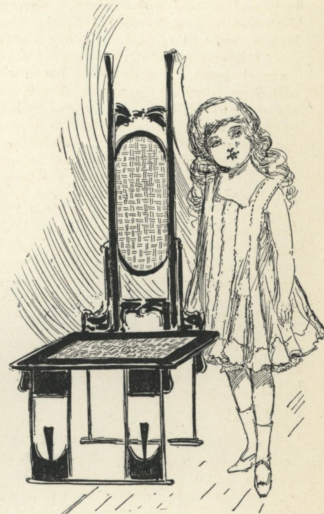
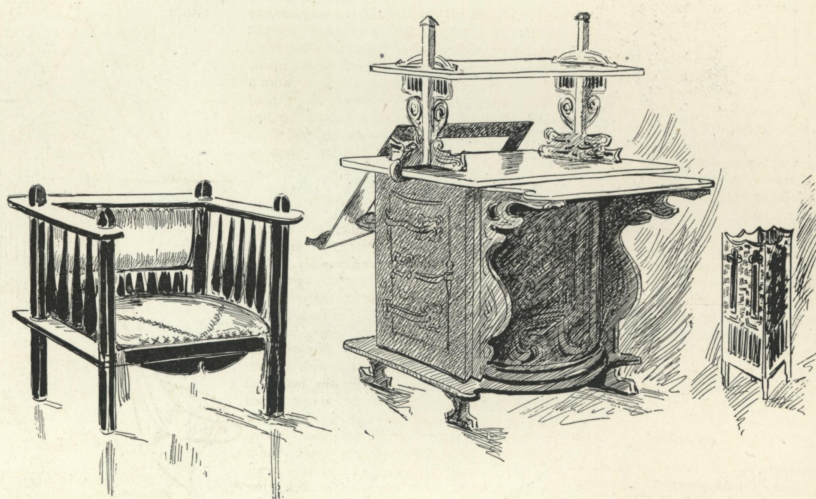
A very handsome and unusual piece of furniture is a table of Turkish design, inlaid with mother-of-pearl. On the top is an inscription in Arabic, which is effective in a decorative way, even if not translatable, by the usual purchaser. Price of this beautiful piece, \$150.

An inexpensive but pretty umbrella-stand is of Austrian burnt wood in green, dark blue, and brilliant crimson colorings. This costs but \$7, and is a challenge to blue, and a relief from the porcelain affairs that meet one at almost every country house. In the bottom is a brass bowl, ample for the drippings of an umbrella, after the most heavy downpour. There can never be too many plants in a house, and especially pretty are the hanging-baskets that have lately gained so large a popularity. A pretty Benares brass hanging-basket, to hold a fern or orchid, can be bought for \$5; it is a decidedly ornamental bit to have.

Smart hangings in linen taffeta for country houses, in all the dull shades of pink, green, and yellow, are decorative, appliquéd with large disks of cretonne, Louis XVI. design. Price only \$21 a pair, and as they are large enough for a portière of importance, they are inexpensive. Screens of cretonne, so useful for bedrooms or in the summer for dining-rooms, come in threefold size, and in price from \$16 up to \$35. Apropos of cretonne, I think we are just entering a craze of it. Never before have the designs been so smart and beautiful; all those very large splashing flower designs, intermingled with broad ribbons, are English, and there is a stunning, glazed linen side-wall that can be bought to match the cretonnes, also English, that surpasses all papers. A charming drawing-room I saw not long ago was paneled with cretonne in a large basket-and-flower design. The woodwork was of white and the framework of the furniture, which was upholstered in the same cretonne, was either of pure white enamel or in heavily carved gilt. All the ornaments were of pink and white Dresden, Coleport, and similar porcelains. Enormous plants filled the room, so that on entering it gave one the idea of a rose-garden or enchanted bower of daintiness personified.

closet door should be provided with one. Long experience teaches us that it is the only comfortable way to keep slippers, boots, and shoes. Of course, the latter two should be treed, and, if that is the case, the closet floor is sufficient; but, going on the principle that most people do not live up to the correct thing, trees, I advise the shoe-bag—it saves time and bother, and is very neat. Price, \$1.75, made of denim and with a number of compartments. For that price, you can also own an attractive bag, braided in white on blue or green denim, that is ample for all ordinary occasions. Just now, when many persons are going abroad, I consider myself fortunate to have discovered something distinctly new and useful for the voyage. The discovery is a traveling-case, made of denim bound with satin ribbon. This case, which neatly folds up into a compact bundle, is supposed to contain all the small necessities of a voyage, such as cottons to mend with, pincushions to hold the superfluous lace pins and needles; three little medicine bottles, with blank labels to inscribe with your favorite remedy; safety-pins and a number of pockets and items, that are most useful on a voyage—even the brass hooks to secure it to the wall are included. Price, only \$1.95. These are to be had in either blue

a tie that twists about the base of the collar and fastens in front, cost 85 cents, and they are particularly good. Silk ties of the same description are 98 cents each and suitable for either



The expense of such a room is comparatively small, and the idea is a new one worth considering, if you contemplate refurbishing or building.

For piazza tables, Benares brass smoking sets, including a tray on which sets a cigar- and cigarette-cup, a match-box, and an ash-receiver, can be had for \$3.65 a set, or the brass for even less. Hammocks, made of colored twine, draped at the sides through large rings—effective and pretty bits of color, to say nothing of the comfort, cost \$5. Less expensive affairs that look very nice, cost from \$1.75 up.

These little touches, such as smart awnings, hammocks, tables, and flowers, have much more to do with the attractiveness of a country house than does the actual architecture. Odd Delmonico's Japanese plants always give a mark of distinction, and just now there is a sale, and probably one could pick up a few very inexpensively.

Pretty denim table-covers, made in all the attractive rose or green, or the blue shades, can be bought for very little. A yard and a quarter square cover, braided in white, costs only \$1.15, and the smaller or larger sizes are in proportion. If you are more or less roughing it for the summer, and your table is not good enough to leave bare, such a cover is presentable and useful as it will launder beautifully if properly treated. Shoe-bags are no longer a luxury but a necessity—each

or green denim, neatly made, and bound with ribbon.

The traveling-cases I have so often referred to, those with lined pockets for damp toilet articles, I have found now in exceptionally pretty colored linen, bound in white linen braid, for \$3.50, both in pale pink and blue. Such articles make acceptable presents for travelers, and I know they will be more welcome than a floral offering or basket of sweets. Laundry bags of good quality denim, either braided or smartened in other ways, can be bought for \$1.75 up, in all the pretty colors I have described.

This has all been so domestic and practicable that I feel inclined to vary the subject and write a word or two before closing about personal adornment to those who do not care for furniture and house. It is rather hard just now to tell of much that is new. However, the dressing of the neck is always interesting to women, because it plays such an important part in the general effect of a costume, and neckwear perhaps admits of more varied changes than any other article of dress. To wear with shirt waists there are piqué stocks with fancy ends that tie either in a four-in-hand or a tight knot; the latter costs 63 cents, the former from 45 up. Piqué ties, with roll turnover collars of piqué and small, pearl buttons in the front, with

silk or wash shirts. The smartest stocks are of white mull, made snug about the neck, and with turnover ends of hemstitched mull and a tie in front to match. Price of this dainty bit, \$1.50. Linen dust-coats have so much been written about that there seems little else to be

said. However, it is always of interest to know that a very good article can be bought far below the original price, such, for example, as one for \$16.50. This is a smart linen coat, with inverted plaits well stitched, joined to a plain yoke and stitched tight together within a yard of the bottom. A deep sailor collar is edged with coarse Russian lace, and turnover cuffs are finished in the same way. This is the only trimming to an otherwise simple garment. Separate skirts for wear with shirt waists are in demand just at present, and there is a large variety to choose from. If you are in mourning, the Agra linen or black piqué leaves only a choice between white and the gray linen. If in colors, there are the many blues, browns, and whites; in summing up the entirety, it is safe to say that \$5 will buy you a very attractive skirt. In gloria they range from \$6 up to \$12.50, and can be had in either black or blue. An unlined gray or blue flannel skirt striped with white, smartly cut, and with strapped seams, costs \$7.50. A short skirt in good, gray wool, lined with white plaid, is reduced to \$5.98, while short bicycle skirts in white piqué cost from \$1.98 up.

SMART FASHIONS FOR LIMITED INCOMES

WHITE MUCH IN VOGUE

AN effect sought in forenoon dress, out of town, driving, or walking is decidedly "all white" and in simple wash fabrics generally. White duck, piqué, and those fancy weavings where satin and lace effects are introduced, as well as the lighter lawns, nainsooks, sprigged with embroidery or plain, are the varieties oftenest seen. White waists most frequently correspond, "made up" after shirt or Eton models, or the ever-becoming French waist, which is simply one gathered in slightly at the waist, then belted in; this style is much used for the sheer fabrics. Those who avoid large laundry bills from necessity will not feel much inclined to follow this "all white" lead, but choose instead the same fabrics in colors. In either case the vogue of the season compels one to keep whatever color is chosen as unbroken as possible. As for hats, burnt straws are found to be the most popular with such gowns, as they harmonize so prettily with all white or colors. It must be confessed that all-white hat trimmings meet with the most approval, and are a saving in the number of hats required to carry one on through the summer.

FIT HATS FOR OCCASIONS

Cool mornings require the wear of those jaunty, trig, little jackets so prettily made that everyone is looking well in them. Many red cloth ones are seen, both with and without brass buttons, while white cloth, as well as a certain pale, blue-gray pastel shade, never fail to look extremely smart. Toques are the hat to wear with such jackets, as they are far more fit than any of the wide-brim shapes. It is worth while to note such details, if one is desirous of wearing what is exactly correct on different occasions. On warm days when one wears a white frock there may go with it a wide-brim hat, turned up at the side, or bent flat in the back, also dipped slightly in the middle of the front, and trimmed with ribbon bows or flowery wreaths in vogue. White gloves are the customary wear with white frocks, and, so far, the feet are dressed in finest of black kid or patent-leather ties, white shoes being held in reserve for mid-summer.

COLOR AND WHITE IN COMBINATION IN PIQUE

Very smart are the combinations of colored piqués with white piqué or cotton chevrons in various shades, mingled with white piqué or soft canvas. To suggest the making of such frocks, will be, no doubt, an aid to readers. For instance, a pretty gown is assured by taking a pink cheviot, striped, barred, or figured in white, and let it represent an undershirt by putting on a skirt of white victoria lawn, a facing of this cheviot about ten inches deep all round the back and sides, while on the front gore there should be a facing twice that depth. The outside skirt being of white piqué has a triangle reaching to the knee, cut out of its front gore, showing the under pink cheviot effectively. The finish re-

quired for these skirts is simply stitching, but of course, some prefer to elaborate the edges. Still nothing is gained in smartness by doing so. The bodice is to be of the pink material, and this consists of a closed Eton, fitted down to the waist-line, with its front cut out in a V, and its neck slightly low. Triple shoulder collars of white piqué stitched simply, are the neck finish, with long, plain sleeves of the same, having narrow, rolling cuffs. The fronts of the Eton close with four straps of the cheviot, having the spaces between cut out, thereby showing underneath a white chemisette rising into a high-necked band of lawn and insertions. This order of color may easily be changed by having the upper skirt in color, the triangle seen beneath in front of white, the bodice of white, the collar-capes of color, and the sleeves of white.

Charming, too, is a blue piqué, a pastel shade, seen yesterday, made with a plain, flowing skirt well fitted to the figure at the top, having a long front opening, showing a narrow panel of white ponce, side-plaited. This panel of silk was simply laid over white lawn and attached to the main piqué skirt, the front edges of which were turned in like a deep hem—invisibly tacked and pressed quite flat. A few inches from the bottom of the overskirt on both sides, are three black velvet straps laid over flat, measuring in length barely four inches, having each a pearl buckle. Those velvet bits give a delightful effect. Another three pairs of velvet straps are to be seen on the fronts of the open bodice, which matches the skirts, and is a seamless one in fit, giving a mere hint of blousing over the white ponce chemisette. This is lace trimmed, and turns into a high neckband with a small, flaring collar in lace, under which is worn a black velvet ribbon cravat, bowed up without ends. The long, plain sleeves are pointed over the hand. Black crin hat with high crown, a black velvet hatband, and a bunchy cluster of black feathers on the left.

BLACK INDIA SILK FOR MOURNING

For mourning, black India silks are extremely smart looking, and so delightfully light and cool to wear. Tunic skirts answer admirably. The underskirt is laid in inch tucks, vertically. The tunic has a fitted flounce to match added on—is tucked also at the top, the tucks, however, being only half the skirt width, and not quite that, perhaps, if measured. Simple is the waist, all tucked and seamless, with sleeves tucked also their full length, the neckband high, and finished with a ribbon cravat passed twice around the neck and tied in a small bow in front. A large jetted horseshoe brooch keeps this ribbon in place at the back, and is one of the smart ornaments which have lately become la mode. On long, slender necks they look their very best. But the true way to select them is in accordance with one's neck, in spite of the fact that large horseshoes are the craze.

These brooches come in simili diamonds and are of the best quality, an important thing to note in making these purchases.

HALF-LONG, LOOSE COAT THE MODE FOR TRAVELING

Those who wish to have the newest model in traveling-gowns will count on a skirt and a more than a half-long, loose coat. But economy lies in the direction of the short jacket, as such a suit answers for all kinds of wear, while the former is altogether for traveling purposes. The dust-coat is the best compromise, and, as full particulars regarding it have been given in previous numbers, nothing more need be said now.

HOODS FOR JACKETS

A fetching hood effect for a jacket, always a pretty feature and usually very becoming to flat straight backs, is this one. Given a plain jacket, attach across the back from neck to shoulder-line a fitted piece of silk, satin, velvet, or contrasting cloth. Let a bias fold of the same cloth as the jacket be added on the bottom in such manner as to turn up over the silk or whatever fabric is chosen, and let it be long enough to pass over the shoulder top and taper off at the end, which should be also long enough to fasten over the front of the jacket close to the arm seam. The upturned edge of this fold should have several rows of stitching. The

neck of jacket has a wide turnover collar of white linen canvas, stitched also on the edge. This ensemble forms a very smart hood. It is a capital idea for remodeling a plain jacket one or two seasons old, and, if it should be a winter one, a fur collar and a fur band, instead of a cloth fold, would make a warm and smart reconstruction. Some such hoods are turned out in summer chevrons and cloths, with silk and piqué, or canvas, on jackets belonging to two-piece suits, and give quite a chic air to the wearer, so unique is the combination of materials. Sometimes the silk middle of the hood is run into fine tucks, or allowed a little drapery fullness. It depends very much upon the shape of the shoulders whether there should be the slightest fullness or none at all.

COLOR NOTES

If one is in need of counsel regarding colors, she need not hesitate to buy pearl gray. This cool, charming color remains as modish as ever. Blues tinted with gray, or veritable indigos, light and dark, are almost too popular, as they are seen everywhere one goes. If well made, and when becoming, they are undoubtedly charming. Pale sky-blues are very smart, trimmed with lace and narrow black velvet. Mauve and string-colored lace are very smart also. The reverse is considered ultra chic for gowns made of string-color, or a pale-tobacco shade, or a chamois tint, having touches of pale, pinkish mauve and of light blue about the bodice, are among the choicest. In the same



CRASH EMBROIDERIES

Unbleached crash linens are, singularly enough used on the smartest gowns as a bodice front or revers, collars, etc. But the linen is not of the heavy toweling sort, but a sleazy kind, loosely woven, which offers an artistic background for embroidery in colored cottons or silks, an inducement which should tempt many to that kind of summer industry. As the idea is still quite new, not yet fallen into shabby promiscuousness, it is well worth the trouble of devoting the time for such pretty handwork. Reds, blues, white, and touches of yellow, in good middle tones, are the most used.

THE TOUCH OF GOLD

Very grande mode, too, are gold galloons, which include all the varieties of braids, as well as laces and ribbons this season. But unless they are used with much discretion the effect is glaring, and once that point is reached all smartness has vanished. The best effects are had by getting only a glint of gold here and there, using narrow edgings in braid or lace. Only a mere line peeping from the outer side of a fold, or a short bit of an entredeux joining or dividing one part with another. From chiffon dinner-gowns to suits and separate jackets in cloths, do we see this golden trimming carefully introduced by the best foreign and native makers.



FOR "DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS," SEE ANOTHER PAGE



THE BUNKERS' TYPICAL RISING AMERICANS—
THE AMERICAN'S PENCHANT FOR THE
CONY ISLANDS AND BOWERIES OF
FRANCE—A DESPAIRING VALET

Now and then I undertake a crusade. I have a little list of the objectionable things in life, and I look them over on rainy days, when the weather is dark and gloomy. This is just such a day; a persistent summer rain; everything damp and moist; a heavy mist on the distant river, and an uncanny chill in the air.

Tommy Plumever has been passing the Sunday with me. I sometimes remember poorer friends, you see—when they amuse me. Tommy has been in excellent good fortune recently, for he has won a prize in the season's lottery. Last winter, for a few weeks, Tommy had rooms, or rather a room, at a brand new hotel in a brand new part of the city. Everything at the place was gilt and varnish, and all the Louisies who ever existed in French history contributed each a bit of his particular era for the furnishing thereof. There were a palm garden and a Turkish room, and a swartly band of musicians "interpreted" Hungarian gypsy music and local popular airs in a gilt balcony behind a screen of artificial palms of an uncanny green. Poor Tommy, in his kindness, insisted that I should see him in his new quarters, which I do believe he regarded as splendid, and I went to luncheon with him one afternoon. It was a great occasion for Tommy, and I fear he rather "starred" me—which was not agreeable. He wanted to present me to some new friends, but I believe he was a bit disappointed, because I am resolved never to make chance acquaintances—especially in a hotel above Fifty-ninth Street. I afterward regretted that I had not made myself a victim, for the reason that my condensation would have proved of benefit to him, but everything has turned out well.

I have always kept up my acquaintance with Tommy since our college days. He is now in another world than mine, but I like to see him occasionally, and to hear what the other half is doing. Tommy is always a gentleman, poor fellow; his great-grandfather, you know, was old Cornelius Van Koop, a veritable descendant of the Knickerbockers, and he lies buried in a musty old vault in the Second Avenue cemetery, and Tommy is therefore actually a third cousin, once removed, to the great Mrs. Marigold. When her august name is pronounced in a newspaper office, it has tremendous effect, and I have known editor's wives to invite Tommy to dinner on the strength of this family connection. Mrs. Marigold has not done much for Tommy, for really, I believe, he has sunk out of her horizon. She cannot keep up with all her cousins, but once in a while when there is a general entertainment at the Marigolds', Tommy has received an invitation card. At other times, he gets much of his information of the doings of the Marigold family for his feuilleton of fashionable life from the butler and the secretary.

At the gorgeous hotel where I lunched with him—and a very bad luncheon it was, which, I am sorry to say, must have cost Tommy a pretty penny, for which I was indignant with him—there stopped a family who were very new indeed, and who, the female part at least, had begun to see the dawn of social aspirations. The old gentleman was something in oil, and the wife was vulgar, and the daughters pretty but impossible. You might have thought that they came from the interior, but they had lived all their lives as near New York as Brooklyn: the upper west side is the transition—the paradise of those who formerly lived on the other side of the bridge.

From various little paragraphs which I have read in various publications, in which I know Tommy has a hand, I have an idea that he has been "booming" the Bunkers—that is, I believe, their name. However, I am delighted to state that the Bunkers have some appreciation of my friend's efforts, for they absolutely asked him to accompany them to the Paris Exposition, which Tommy did, and he has just arrived from Europe after a two months' stay. The Bunkers, in a way, are not individual people—they

represent such a large class who are just now swarming over Europe, and who are bringing Americans everywhere into such ridicule, that I cannot help saying a word about them. Tommy was delighted with his experience; he actually, poor fellow, failed to see that in the Bunkers there were "sprouting" the fatal seeds of snobbery, and that in a dozen years or more the up-town hotel would know them no more, for by that time they would have a "cottage" at Newport and all the rest of it. I am always more or less interested in persons in this state of transition. Sometimes they emerge beautiful butterflies, but at other they turn out to be very disagreeable insects.

The Bunkers were two months at the Paris Exposition. They appeared at all the functions which were given in honor of the opening of the various buildings, and were regular and patriotic attendants at the evening entertainments of the different functionaries of their country, from the ambassador down to the exhibitors of a patent hair-tonic. The Misses Bunker were very much admired, Tommy tells me. It was impossible for the Bunkers to go to a French hotel. They found an American one where they could have buckwheat cakes for breakfast and the association of other Americans.

They, with many others, laid themselves out to be cheated and swindled at every turn, and I really believe they enjoyed it. A very odd thing about this class of Americans, and, in fact, about nearly all our country people, except those who have been in the habit of going abroad for years, or who have lived over there, is that, no matter what their morality may be at home, the moment they arrive in Paris they imagine that they must mingle with the very worst and most disreputable assemblages and visit the most extraordinary places. In other words, they want to do "the sights," and even young girls will be brought by their mothers to the Moulin Rouge, or promenaded through the Rue de Paris, that new avenue in the Exposition grounds which is nothing more or less than a Gallic Midway Plaisance.

Now, Mr. Bunker is a very staid old gentleman at home. He is one of those millionaires whose faces the newspapers love to picture, and who stand as types for the rich banker on the stage. There are the gray whiskers, and the general air of shrewdness and benevolence, and a predisposition to massive watchchains, and handsome frock coats, and the most immaculate of top-hats. Mr. Bunker is a power in his church, and he would never dream of going around the Tenderloin—as it is called—or the Bowery, or visiting the vulgar recreations of Coney Island. But as soon as he gets to Paris, he rejoices in these very experiences. It is difficult for Americans to understand that these "sights" are arranged for their benefit, and that Frenchmen, with any pretensions to respectability, will not be seen at these haunts. I am not defending Frenchmen on the plea of morality, but merely insisting that these places are stupid and hopelessly vulgar, and that there is nothing to them. How a young girl can take delight in looking in, even at Maxim's, is more than I can understand. Mr. Bunker did the "entire" town, and then acted as guide for several other "magnates"—cronies—and did it all over again. Tommy tried to keep the family purse to regulate expenses, but it was impossible, and he actually heard Mr. Bunker say to Mrs. Bunker, whose knowledge of French was very feeble, and who appealed to him to arrange with the cabman whose services she had engaged for a morning's shopping expedition: "I cannot ask him how much it will be; I do not know. Just give him five francs at half hour and until he won't take any more." This seems to be an absolute, extreme, and hopeless vulgarity, but it is only an illustration. We all know the power of money. We bless it every day for what it can give us, and our morning prayer is in praise of the Golden Calf. But we can do all this without being vulgar, and there is frequently a refinement in suppressed emotion and in simulated economy. It is, perhaps, much more delightful to play at being economical, when you know it is not necessary, than to be obliged, by force of circumstances, to practice that virtue.

What the Bunkers did—to the good-natured despair and frequent mortification of Tommy Plumever—other people who should know better, and who have had a few years more gilding—are guilty of, in the same way. The Americans herd together in Paris. They have

their own society, and I am surprised to see that some New Yorkers hobnob with people over there, whom they would not dream of visiting at home. There is a sort of pathetic despair in much of this, and you cannot help feeling sorry for them. Fifteen years ago, one afternoon—I think it was at the Meurice—Senator Depew told me an amusing story of a courier whom he engaged some seasons before, complaining bitterly of the summer which had just passed. He had in charge a party of New York and Boston young men, fresh from Harvard, scions of families of position. The party had been all over Europe, and at each place where a stop was made the head of the party simply said, "To the American bar," and, if there was no American bar, they went on to another town. They were the young men who possibly would refer to this experience as "corking." I know that I shall never escape resentment for quoting one of Mr. Depew's stories, but it seems to be an apt illustration.

And the Bunkers, and Tommy, and all the rest of the Americans went a round, day after day, of the Exposition, of the shops, of St. Germain, and Versailles, and Fontainebleau, and the Pavilion in the Bois, and Paillard's, and the Ambassadors. They met other Americans, and exchanged experiences, and did the stock sights, such as the picture galleries and the churches, together. But their entire existence seems to have been passed in eating, and drinking, and flying from one place to another in automobiles.

Well, perhaps they have had their enjoyment. Mrs. Bunker and the Misses Bunker will appear in new gowns and hats, for which they have spent a small fortune, and which, after all, were only last year's models. They could have had far prettier and smarter things at home for one-half the price, and Papa Bunker will be a marvel in ill-fitting London clothes. The family will have formed their opinion of the French people—the best of the Parisians, by the way, flee from their city on the opening day of the Exposition and only return a month after it is closed—from hotel-keepers, and cochers, and guides, and queer adventurers, with tarnished titles, and dress-makers, and their own people. But they are good-natured, and perhaps I should not object, and should allow them to have their pleasure. In spite of this mob abroad, and with such representatives, there are some who still deny that there exists in America both the upper- and the lower-middle class.

THE WELL-DRESSED MAN

SACK SUIT SEEN AT STOCK EXCHANGE—
SOME WINTER CLOTHES.

IT really seems as if the looms have stopped their work as Dame Fashion sits dosing at the wheel, so little new is there in the styles of clothing and haberdashery. And yet I must still sing the song of the shirt. The notes are the same old notes, and there is scarcely a variation in the whole score, but, strange as it may appear, there are vast numbers of men who either never have heard the tune or who persist in whistling it abominably. It is, of course, too much to expect that every man should wear only a white tie with a long-tailed evening-coat and a black tie with a dinner-jacket, but it surely is discouraging to see men who certainly should know better, wearing any old thing in apparently cold-blooded disregard of all proper custom and convention. It is sad to see in the windows of good clothing establishments waxes figures of supposedly correctly dressed men in shockingly incorrect costumes. What a dreadful example is set to the unthinking and ignorant by such a figure in a combination of dinner-coat, double-breasted white waistcoat with gilt buttons, white tie, and high hat. One might almost expect to see tan shoes, and I dare say one would if it were not for the fact that most of these figures have imitation boots painted with good, black paint. The fact of the matter is that, notwithstanding all that has been said on the subject of masculine attire within the past few years, most men know extremely little about clothes and rely almost entirely upon the supposed knowledge of the tailor or the salesman. Only the other day, as I was looking over some ties which caught my eye in passing through one of the large department stores, I overheard a man asking advice from a woman clerk behind

the counter as to the proper style of gloves, and I lingered long enough to see him purchase a pair of bright-yellow kid with black stitching on the backs and patent buttons, after being assured by the saleswoman that they were quite the fashionable style. I suppose it never occurred to him to doubt her knowledge of what was correct, and it was with the greatest effort that I refrained from intervening in what was certainly no concern of mine, out of pure kindness of heart, and at the risk of brazen impertinence. This is but one example of what occurs every day in every clothing shop and haberdashery in the city, simply because men do not know exactly what they want, or how to get it.

It is natural, on the ground of comfort, that gloves should be less worn during the summer months than in the autumn or winter, but because they are not so generally in use is no reason why they should be laid aside. Though not as necessary as a hat or boots, they are decidedly a requisite of a well-dressed man's attire, and even if not actually worn, they should be carried in the hands or in the pocket, so that the fact is apparent that they have not been intentionally left at home or forgotten. Even in warm weather, the cape, dogskin, or heavy, tan walking-gloves, are the best looking as well as the smartest. The backs should have three stripes or spears of self-stitching, and the buttons should be of bone or gilt, which actually button through buttonholes, instead of fastening with a snap patent clasp. Besides the dark shade of tan, there are one or two good light shades that are correct and good looking.

Recently I had the pleasure of looking over a remarkably attractive lot of samples of new English cloths for next winter's trade at one of the down-town importing tailor's, and some of the weaves are among the best looking it has ever been my fortune to see. One cannot always judge from a sample how a suit will look, but from the piece there is little difficulty. Most of these goods were in dark colors with an indistinct and unnoticeable plaid, or in an indescribable mixture of harmonious coloring, exceedingly rich in tone and fine in texture. Many were in quiet and subdued shades, or green cunningly woven with dark blues and reds; others showed a prevailing ground tone of dark black-blue with a suggestion of other color running through it.

One was a new basket-weave in a dark blue-black; there were a number of unquestionably attractive browns and dark grays. There were also several pieces of winter flannel in dark colors with indistinct line and plaid marking; altogether the lot was well worth examining. At the same tailor's I was shown some new summer flannel weaves in light grays, some plaids in dark greens and blues, and one mixture of gray and pink of an extremely delicate shade. Also an autumn Oxford mixture as different in its richness of color and softness of material from the common Oxford cloths as chalk is from cheese, to use a well-worn comparison.

The clever tailor is able to give to a suit a certain style in cut which is often difficult to find, even in the best of ready-made clothes, as these latter must be made according to one certain pattern, varying only in its measurements; there is also a difference in materials between the ordinary ready-made suits and suits made to measure, which is readily distinguishable. Only certain qualities of cloths seem to be selected for the ready-made trade, and it is seldom that those qualities are as good or so pretty as those to be found at the custom shops. Perhaps the price has a good deal to do with the matter, as there is not so great a demand for expensive as for cheaper ready-made clothes. But still at some of the best shops one must pay from \$25 to \$40 for certain ready-made sack suits, while one may have a suit made by many good tailors from selected materials for those prices. Suits of the materials mentioned above correspond very nearly, varying from \$30 to \$45 in price. One of the newest materials for warm weather is an English or Canadian sack cloth, gray in color, of a hard weave, and exceedingly light in weight. It is good looking, and I believe wears well, besides being most comfortable for the August days.

Pretty materials for trousers to be worn with a dark frock- or morning-coat are, as a rule, not as plentiful as the cloths for sack suits, being confined almost entirely to stripe designs. The French cachemires are generally better looking than the English; but, even though there are hundreds to choose from, they all seem to be

much alike. This is perhaps more noticeably the case with the English cloths.

It seems likely that for autumn and winter coats very indistinct and unnoticeable plaid materials will be used in dark colors; but it is still too early to predict with any degree of certainty what will be smart, either in cloth or shape. Delicate shades of sage-green covert-coating were rather fashionable during the spring, and it seems probable that this will again be in vogue during the first days of autumn.

An excellent combination of colors for a lounge suit is light gray, plain light blue, and white. There is a coolness about such a costume that is effective, and its simplicity gives it an added smartness. It is not necessary that the color scheme should be carried out in every possible detail, but merely that the general effect should be of gray, blue, and white. If I should be asked to suggest such a combination, it would be made up in this way: A gray, single-breasted, flannel sack suit, rather light in shade, and either plain or with a suspicion of the herringbone weave; a soft-fronted shirt of solid blue linen of a pale electric shade; a medium high turnover collar; a narrow four-in-hand tie of heavy, plain white linen, having a loose basket-weave, somewhat like a white cheviot, which, indeed, might be equally well used; hose of a suitable shade of blue or gray, with a small spot design or a plain clock in white; tan leather belt and tan, low shoes. Linen shirts of solid colors may be bought at many places of the very best material for \$3.50, but linen ties of the weight and weave I have mentioned would be difficult to find ready-made. The kind of cheviot used for riding-stocks, though lacking the style of the heavy linen, would answer the purpose almost as well. The sack jacket should be cut straight in front, and I advise bell pockets rather than patch. The patch pocket has become rather common, because nearly all the ready-made flannel coats have it. In such a sense, of course, it may be said to be a popular fashion and correct, but one of the great secrets of smartness in dress lies in keeping just a little ahead of popular fashions, or in differing just a trifle from them.

I noticed a few days ago in the region of the Stock Exchange a sack suit, which was rather good looking, of bluish-gray flannel with an indistinct square plaid of faint white lines running through it. Seen from a distance of fifteen or twenty feet it had the appearance of being perfectly plain, but upon a closer view the plaid could be easily distinguished. Just why stockbrokers should dress better than any other class of business men is, like most other matters in Wall Street, a matter of speculation, but that they do is unquestionable. If I wished to study fashions in evening clothes I should go to smart evening entertainments; if afternoon dress, to fashionable weddings or receptions; if outing dress, to the various smart golf and country clubs; but if I wished to learn the styles of morning clothes I should go straight to the Stock Exchange. A university boat race, or a football game between the larger colleges, also offers a good field for special research in dress, but the fashions of a university town are, of course, for young men, and they are apt to be slightly exaggerated. The average college boy of some wealth and position wears broader brims to his hats when broad brims are in vogue, narrower brims when narrow brims are the fashion, longer or shorter coats, etc., as the case may be, than can be seen anywhere else, but he is not always a model of good form, but more generally a creature of fads.

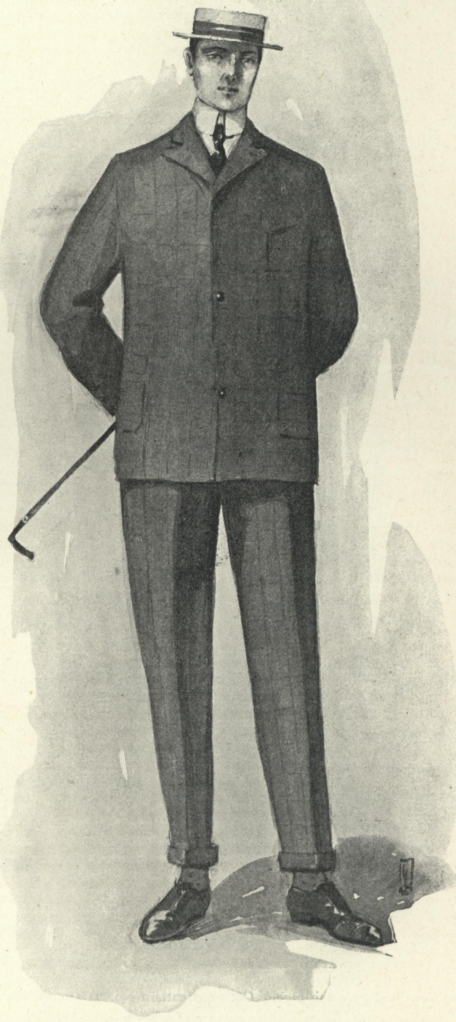
At one or two of the better-known clothing houses I have seen several qualities of light, homespun suits which seemed most desirable, not only on account of their good looks, but because of their light weight and coolness. The great objection to homespun is, however, that it is likely to get out of shape, unless very carefully worn and looked after. The material is so light and of such a loose weave that it is difficult to keep a crease in the trousers and hard to prevent them from bagging at the knees. Nevertheless, a suit should last out a summer, which is all that need be desired, as styles are likely to change materially from one year to another. One may buy a homespun suit of very good quality ready-made for \$20, so that, in any event, the expense is not at all disproportionate to the length of service. For a coat and waistcoat to be worn with trousers of a different material or with knickerbockers, there is a herringbone weave of blue-black that is

smart looking, and a basket-weave of black equally good. I should advise having single-breasted waistcoats, cut fairly high at the neck and without collar. The only other material I have to mention at this time is an autumn flannel of a rather light shade of brown, check, or plaided with medium-sized squares of blue. It looks too much like a lap robe or a horse blanket to be used for clothes, and it is decidedly too noticeable to be good style. Even for a waistcoat it would be a bit too horsey for any wear outside the betting-room of a racetrack.

It is always the best policy, as well as the

the sleeves, buttoned through buttonholes, no slits behind or at the sides. The jacket is half lined; the waistcoat single-breasted, with a collar a little broader in the lapels than is usual, and the trousers those of the ordinary shape, cut straight and fairly full over the thighs. This is, perhaps, the smartest style for a single-breasted flannel suit, and though there are, of course, a great many striped materials which do not bear the stamp of commonness, the plaid is, generally speaking, the more fashionable and exclusive.

How.



SINGLE-BREASTED FLANNEL SUIT
See text—The Well-dressed Man

better style, to dress quietly and simply, rather than to attempt the extreme fashions of the moment. There should be no shabbiness, no untidiness, or lack of care in one's grooming; but, on the other hand, one should try to avoid the extremely new, just-out-of-a-handbox look that some men strive after, and, above all, one should avoid ostentation and display.

Flannel suits are, of course, still the rage. The illustration shows one of a gray flannel with a tinge of green and a plaid of green and red, rather indistinctly woven into the ground color. The coat is single-breasted, cut square in front, very much as a sack coat is made, with lapels a trifle broader than those of an ordinary single-breasted sack jacket, patch pockets, three buttons in front and three on

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The pattern, for this week, is the Norfolk jacket to be worn with the skirt published last week. It is of khaki and unlined, and made large enough to be worn over a shirt. The jacket has two simulated plaits back and front, also a yoke. There is a pocket on the left side, on the breast, and one on either side below the belt, the latter being of the same material as the jacket. These jackets ought to be of the same material as the skirt; the whole suit may be made of light-weight cloth if preferred to khaki. A summer suit would look well made of white linen duck.

SPORTING CLOTHES FOR WOMEN

CONTINUED

Last week the correct clothes for golf, tennis, walking, and wheeling were given, and in this paper those for yachting, riding, shooting, and fishing will be considered. When on board a yacht for the day regulation yachting dress of blue serge, white serge, linen, or duck may be worn. A summer gown not too light in color or elaborate in design would also be suitable. When on a cruise take two or more yachting gowns of serge and linen, several frocks suitable for wear on shore, and several evening gowns for dinner. The outfit depends a great deal upon the size of the yacht. On a large yacht the gowns are of course more elaborate and in greater quantity. Should advise one gown of dark-blue serge, made with a five-gored skirt, walking length; that is, just clearing the ground, with strapped seams, and tucked or inverted plait back. The jacket made like a boy's sailor reefer, with metal or black bone buttons. With this wear shirts of chauvetté silk, linen, piqué, etc., and stocks or linen collars. Low, tan, yachting shoes with flat rubber soles, and a sailor hat with black band complete the costume. If the yacht belongs to you, its name may be on the hat ribbon, but a plain band better style. Have another gown of white serge with plaited skirt, also made walking length. With this have a collarless Eton jacket simply stitched with white, to be worn over white or light-colored shirts. A sailor hat, and low shoes of white canvas or patent leather are suitable. The shore gowns depend upon the place off which you are anchored. In most places the serge gowns would be correct. A foulard and a gown of beige nun's veiling, with hats to match, would be found useful. For dinner have several gowns of silk, crepon, crêpe de chine, voile, or lansdown, materials that are not affected by dampness. Muslin, nets, etc., are not suitable for yachting.

If you wish to keep from becoming tanned wear veils of dark-brown silk veiling, and gloves of chamois. Of course the costume requirements depend upon the length of the cruise, the degrees of "climate" which the traveler is to experience, and the places where your anchor is cast.

For riding you need two habits of different weights, one with a tight-fitting coat and one with a coat large enough to be worn over a shirt; this should be the lightest in weight. Medium gray is a good color for a summer habit. The boots are of patent leather or kid; the latter are better, as they are cooler. Equestrienne tights or trousers, a derby or straw sailor, crop riding stock, and dogskin gloves are also indispensable. In summer, out of town, shirts are worn without a coat a great part of the time, with a sailor hat. White shirts look the best, made of piqué, linen, cheviot, or madras. The stock to be of piqué or cheviot, with colored or white ends. A spur may be worn on the left heel if desired.

Shooting and fishing are not popular with

American women to the extent that they unite with the English women; when they are, the most sensible dress is a short, kilted skirt, stout boots, leather leggings, a shirt, and Norfolk jacket, with several pockets; when shooting, a cartridge-belt is added. There should be a soft hat of felt, not too large, and trimmed only with a band. For fishing, the same costume, with rubber boots instead of leggings—that is, for trout fishing or fishing along the shores of a lake, as this allows you to wade in the water, which is a necessity. There is no reason why a woman should not become expert with a rod, especially in casting a fly, an amusing and pretty sport, needing dexterity and quickness, both attributes of women. The sport also keeps them out of doors, and diverted without much effort; if a light rod is used, much skill is required to land

the top crust, scoop out all the bread, leaving the hollow crust, mix the crumbs with the fish; season well with pepper and salt. Make a cream sauce with a half pint of rich milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter and as much flour; cook until it begins to thicken, then add the fish and bread crumbs; boil until quite thick, when fill the empty rolls and put on the top crust. Garnish with parsley. Or, omit the top crust and garnish with rounds of hard-boiled egg and chopped parsley.

PINEAPPLE SHERBERT.—Take a tablespoonful of gelatine and soak it in a half cup of cold water for two hours. Peel a pineapple, cutting out the eyes, chop fine, and add two cupfuls of powdered sugar. Add a half pint of boiling water to the gelatine to dissolve it, then stir in

sieve. Take the orange shells out of water, wipe dry, and fill with the mixture. Pack in ice and when wanted for use, whip cream stiff, flavored with sugar and a very little vanilla, put a half of an English walnut, or a candied cherry on top of each and serve, in a lace doily, on individual plates.

REQUESTS FOR PATTERNS

Readers of Vogue who desire special patterns published should send their requests promptly. The pattern that is in most general demand will be published in preference to others. Up to this date the patterns published are:

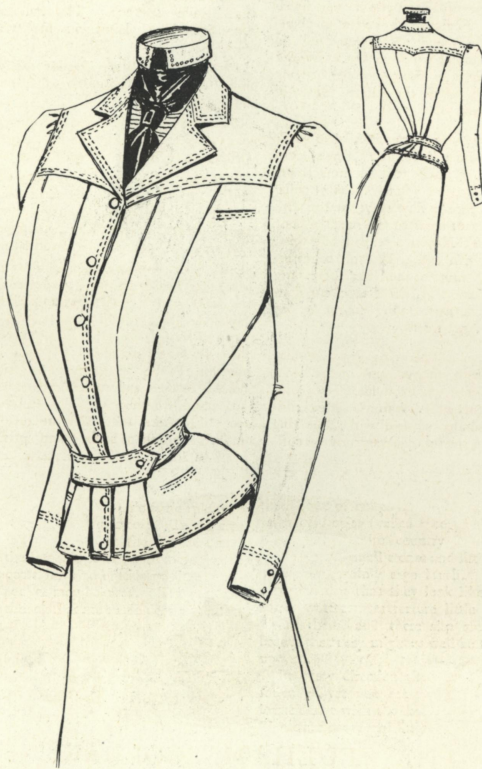
- No. 1 Louis XV. Jacket.
- No. 2 Golf Cape.
- No. 3 Appliqué Design.
- No. 4 Drop Skirt.
- No. 5 Blouse Silk Waist.
- No. 6 Lace Guimpe.
- No. 7 Breakfast Jacket.
- No. 8 Shirt Waist.
- No. 9 Cloth Jacket.
- No. 10 Golf Skirt.
- No. 11 Light Summer Skirt.
- No. 12 Light Summer Bodice of No. 11.
- No. 13 Bathing Suit.
- No. 14 Three Stock Collars.
- No. 15 Little Boy's Frock.
- No. 16 Little Girl's Dress.
- No. 17 Eton Jacket.
- No. 18 Fancy Shirt Waist.
- No. 19 Tight Fitting Petticoat.
- No. 20 Ladies' Blouse Waist.
- No. 21 Three Corset Covers.
- No. 22 Three-piece Skirt, circular flounce.
- No. 23 Dust Coat.
- No. 24 Tunic.
- No. 25 Fancy Wrap.
- No. 26 Lace Coat.
- No. 27 Chemise and Drawers.
- No. 28 Night Gown.
- No. 29 Dressing Gown.
- No. 30 Combination Chemise and Skirt.
- No. 31 Plain Tailor Skirt.
- No. 32 Eton Coat.
- No. 33 Child's Coat.
- No. 34 Shirt Waist.
- No. 35 Opera Coat.
- No. 36 Silk Waist.
- No. 37 Princess Evening Gown.
- No. 38 Girl's Coat.
- No. 39 Jacket with Carrick Capes.
- No. 40 Tucked skirt with box-plaited back.
- No. 41 Evening Cape.
- No. 42 Short Jacket.
- No. 43 Box Plaited Skirt.
- No. 44 Fancy Silk Bodice.
- No. 45 Child's Afternoon Frock.
- No. 46 Dressing Sacque.
- No. 47 Plain Shirt Waist.
- No. 48 Three Sleeves.
- No. 49 Bed Jacket.
- No. 50 Fancy Wash Waist.
- No. 51 Yoke Night Gown.
- No. 52 Skirt Suitable for Wash Material.
- No. 53 Waist of No. 52.
- No. 54 Box Plaited Skirt.
- No. 55 Five-Gored Skirt with tucked back.
- No. 56 Little Boy's Russian Suit.
- No. 57 Tucked Silk Eton.
- No. 58 Short Skirt.
- No. 59 Nine Gored Tailor Skirt.
- No. 60 Jacket to be worn with No. 59.
- No. 61 Fancy Lace Bolero.
- No. 62 Tucked Circular Skirt.
- No. 63 Plain Tailor Skirt.
- No. 64 Collarless Eton.
- No. 65 Girl's Wash Frock.
- No. 66 Bathing Suit.
- No. 67 Circular Skirt with tucked flounce.
- No. 68 Fancy Cape.
- No. 69 Kimono Dressing Skirt.
- No. 70 Short Walking Skirt.
- No. 71 Norfolk Jacket.

THE NEXT PATTERN WILL BE

No. 72 New Corset Covers.

VOGUE'S WEEKLY PATTERN—NO. 71, NORFOLK JACKET

For description, see this page. Cut paper pattern No. 71 sent on receipt of coupon with remittance of fifty cents.



your fish. For fishing or shooting it is a good plan to have a short, rainproof, coat which covers your skirt, as this will protect you if you wish to pursue your sport in all kinds of weather; fishing is often best on rainy days. The great tonic for women, especially if inclined to be nervous, is to be in the open air as much as possible; therefore, all sports should be encouraged, for when not carried to excess, their benefit to women is inestimable.

FOR THE HOSTESS

CREAMED FISH IN ROLLS.—Take a piece of salmon, codfish, or other boiled fish, free it from skin and bones, pick up fine. Take half a dozen dinner rolls, cut off a thin

the pineapple, add a half pint of cold water, and freeze. When frozen, this sherbert will be cream-like and white.

JELLIED ORANGES.—Take half a dozen oranges and cut them in half with a sharp knife; scrape out all the pulp, notch the skins around the edges, and put them in cold water until they are wanted. Put all the pulp in a jelly bag, squeeze out the juice, and add to it enough water to make three gills; add an ounce and a half of gelatine dissolved in one and a half cupfuls of boiling water, the juice and grated rind of a lemon, half a pound of sugar, the crushed shells and beaten whites of three eggs. Stir over the fire until it boils, put a lid on and simmer for about eight minutes. Take it off, let it stand until partly cooled, when strain through a hair

VOGUE PATTERN COUPON

To VOGUE, 3 WEST 29TH STREET,
NEW YORK.

Enclosed please find fifty cents, for which send by mail to my address below:

Vogue Pattern No.

These patterns are made in medium size only.

Name

Address

.....

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This coupon must be filled in and mailed to Vogue, when remittance is made for pattern.

(Continued from page iii)

how through. A tiny bias fold of the satin forms the belt and secures the scarf, the ends of which are finished with silk tassels, including all the shades in the silk.

RIGHT FIGURE.—Crêpe gown in palest tones of blush pink. The collar is of cream mousseline de soie, as well as the tiny chemisette, which is finely tucked. Over this comes a vest of fine yellow linen, embroidered in white, white buttons of cut glass. Then the bodice proper finished at the top and part of sides, with a turnover effect, edged with Irish lace. Under this, completing the edge, is a wide, flat piece of the Irish lace. This meets the sleeve and comes down the middle of it to the elbow, where a fall of mousseline de soie plissé finishes it. The crêpe of the waist and sleeves is covered at graduated intervals with bebe width of black velvet ribbon, with little rosettes at the shoulder and sleeve. The skirt is plaited and fastened to below the knee, outlined with the bebe ribbon, and six rows around the bottom to make it flare. Two strips of the lace down either side the front, with a belt of panne velvet, completes this elegant costume.

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UPPER LEFT.—Bodice of stitched taffeta bands of ivory-white joined with cross straps of narrowest black velvet ribbon. A close-fitting lining of white taffeta is veiled with white mousseline de soie and then the bodice of this open-work effect. The collar is of fine Irish point in a lovely shade of deep cream, lined with the white taffeta. The front and stock collar are of tucked white mousseline de soie, which is also used under open-work on outer part of sleeve. The girdle is of folded white taffeta with narrow velvet straps.

UPPER RIGHT.—Bodice of twine-colored cluny and point d'esprit net, run with a thread of scarlet, over ivory-white taffeta. The yoke and front are of sheer white batiste, with groups of tucks and narrowest cluny insertion in rows on collar and at heading of tucks.

The lace parts of waist in front are taffeta lined and finished on edges with a tiny fold of the taffeta with a cluny beading on the edge of this. Silver buttons on each piece at corsage. The sleeves have revers turned to outer part of arm finished in the same manner, and held in

place with the buttons. The double cuff is similarly trimmed. A wide shaped girdle of black and white panne velvet is finished on edge with a narrow bias band of black liberty satin. This girdle fits closely, and is fastened on right side under two large silver buttons. Knotted scarf of black liberty satin with accordion plaiting on ends. Hat of tucked white mousseline de soie with black ostrich tips and white mousseline chou. Geraniums and leaves under brim in front.

LOWER LEFT.—Blouse waist of pale-blue crêpe de chine with butter-color guipure lace yoke. In this model the fulness in front comes from groups of tucks tucked crosswise again. It droops quite a little over the girdle, which is the same shade of blue in panne velvet. The sleeves are tucked at top and again above wrist. A narrow frill of butter-color meclin finishes them.

MIDDLE PAGE

LEFT FIGURE.—Dainty mid-summer dinner-gown of white tulle, dotted with white chenille. Skirt cut en traine, inlet at the bottom, with Van Dyke points of white chantilly insertions; wee ruffles edged with ribbon give a smart finish to the bottom. Bodice with bolero of chantilly and chenille round décolletage, and no sleeves. Soft chou of white chiffon is fastened between the bolero in front, and has hanging ends which reach below the waist. Girdle of white ribbon velvet.

LEFT CENTRE.—Morning costume of white linen. Skirt tucked in groups of three, rack-stitched at top of each tuck. Eton jacket tucked off the shoulders. Small turnover collar of Irish point. Sleeves finished at the top with three tucks and a flare cuff at the hand. Long tie of side-plaited chiffon in a brilliant blue tone, comes from beneath the collar, and hangs below the waist. Shirt of mull and rackstitching, with tie of blue. White Neapolitan straw hat with white tucked chiffon caught at one side with blue ragged robins.

RIGHT CENTRE.—Morning gown of blue linen, trimmed with stitched bands of the same, giving princess effect. Sailor collar finished with stitched band, fastened low in front, with a crimson knot of surah, covered with large ring polka dots, plain sleeves, and deep turnover cuff.

Plastron of plain blue linen. Hat of soft straw, trimmed with the red surah matching the tie.

RIGHT FIGURE.—Afternoon frock of dotted organdie in pale blue, smartened with chantilly insertions on bodice and skirt, and chantilly sleeves with undersleeve of hand-tucked mull. Guimpe also of white tucked mull. Narrow tie of black velvet ribbon is fastened about the neck with turquoise brooch. Picture-hat of white rough straw, trimmed with rolled chiffon and white gull. Sunshade of white chiffon and lace.

FIG. 6087.—Dull blue linen gown. The skirt has three groups of tucks going entirely around, and is trimmed with bands of batiste lace. A single tuck heads each band of lace. The bottom is finished with a small straight flounce, with one large tuck at the bottom of it. The jacket is made of the tucked linen and of the batiste lace; the edges of the lace are finished with stitched bands of the linen. Worn with this jacket is a sleeveless shirt of fine white muslin, shirred yoke depth, and ornamented with small black velvet bows down the front.

FIG. 6070.—Smart tailor suit of dark blue serge, heavily stitched. The waistcoat is of white linen duck, plaited with blue-white mull tie.

FIG. 6081.—Dainty dressing sack of rose-pink batiste, trimmed with valenciennes lace and insertion.

FIG. 6088.—Simple gown of very pale tan-colored piqué. The skirt and jacket are trimmed with a narrow band of stitched black taffeta.

FIG. 6079.—Little girl's frock of white brilliantine. The tiny skirt is laid in side-plaits. The blouse has a sailor collar, trimmed with white silk braid. Dickey of white linen, embroidered with a crimson silk anchor. Tie of soft crimson silk.

FIG. 6077.—Gown of natural color linen. The upper part of the skirt is composed of very fine tucks, which are graduated up as they reach the back. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a band of Persian embroidery; directly above this is a narrow band of heavy twine colored lace insertion, running up to a point in front. The bodice is bloused and tucked around the lower part, and is trimmed with the embroidery and lace. The yoke and collar are tucked batiste and lace. Girdle of black liberty satin.

FIG. 6073.—Little boy's sailor suit of white duck. Collar and dickey of blue duck, trimmed with white braid.

FIG. 6075.—Dainty tucked waist of white batiste, trimmed with exquisitely fine white embroidery.



FIG. 6085.—Little girl's frock of cream-colored serge. The skirt is plaited. About four inches from the bottom bands of dull blue linen crash are used as a trimming. The simple blouse is trimmed with a sailor collar of the linen.



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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

RULES

- (1) The writer's full name and address must accompany letters to Vogue.
- (2) When so requested by the correspondent, neither name, initials, nor address will be published, provided a pseudonym is given as a substitute to identify the reply.
- (3) Correspondents will please write only on one side of their letter paper.
- (4) Emergency questions answered by mail before publication when \$1.00 is sent with the question.
- (5) Confidential questions answered by mail are not published when \$2.00 are sent with the question. All questions not complying with this rule are subject to publication.

1527. Spanish Lace. To C. G.—Is Spanish lace in use just now, or is it out of style?

Spanish lace is used extensively this season; in fact, handsome lace of all varieties can always be used to advantage, and good lace is therefore always a wise investment.

1528. Model for Gown of Pongee, Bodice of Corded Taffeta. To E. M.—

1. Is plain pongee at all worn for gowns or separate waists? I have sufficient new material to make an entire gown, and I thought of having it made with tucked circular skirt; the bodice to be tucked all over in fine, pinched tucks; sleeves in same style, and a yoke of heavy Russian lace.

2. What is best style for a waist of white corded taffeta? Should it be made as a plain shirt, or should it be tucked in some way and made over fitted lining? Should like it made in a way suitable to wear with a tailor suit, coat and skirt of fine black Venetian cloth.

1. Pongee is being used to some extent this season; it is effective trimmed with bands of Persian embroidery. The skirt would look well made as you describe, with a band of embroidery on the bottom; or, like the pattern in Vogue of 7 June, No. 67, with a band of embroidery at the head of the flounce; or the skirt may be left untrimmed, the embroidery being used on the bodice only. Make the bodice with a middle band of embroidery, with tucks on either side, and then add another band. Make the collar and cuffs of the embroidered bands. Russian lace may be used in place of the bands, but the latter are newer. The gown would be useful for morning and early afternoon wear at home, or at club mornings, etc.

2. It is best, when having a corded taffeta made to order, not to have it perfectly plain, as then it looks like the cheap shop models. More or less elaborate bodices can be worn with a tailor suit; by that is meant not overtrimmed with lace, but hand embroidered, appliquéd, etc. Make it over a fitted lining like model on right side of page 373, Vogue, 31 May. Have the cords vertical on the sleeves and bodice and horizontal on the vest. The lace bands should be handsome; this may be laid over light-blue silk, if you wish to introduce a color, in which case the collar should be in light-blue panne velvet, tucked or corded. Slides of dull silver, French gilt, or steel, in a narrow belt of the silk.

1529. Model for Embroidered Crepon. To E. B.—I am a subscriber to the Vogue and find the paper a great help. Kindly advise me how to make up material like inclosed sample into a pretty suit. It is to be worn by a lady of forty.

From the color and quality of your sample it is inferred that you wish the gown for the house or for driving and not for street wear. Use model on extreme left of middle page of Vogue, 7 June. This would be effective if the skirt were made with plain front gore and plaited sides and back. The applications of lace may be omitted if preferred. The bodice is plain, with a collar and front of shirred chiffon, which would look pretty if made in same color as the embroidered dot in your material. The fancy collar and tabs make of a light shade in velvet the color of your gown, piped with a darker shade, and appliquéd with lace; make cuffs to match. Unless you are slender, make the belt much narrower and of two shades of velvet. The bonnet could be of mauve flowers, green leaves, and knots of velvet to match that used on your gown.

1530. Suitable Steamer Hats. To St. Paul.—Please tell me through your inquiry

column what kind of steamer hats should be worn by a young girl?

A plain sailor, or a Ladysmith, or a small, trimmed hat is good style; or a small felt hat of the modified sombrero shape may also be used. If the traveler is likely to be in a chair most of the time, a soft hat that she can lean back in is most useful. It is usually best to take a small felt alpaca, a sailor hat, and a trimmed panama of the sailor shape to wear on and off the steamer. The hat should be simply trimmed with black velvet or ribbon bows and a rosette; do not use flowers or feathers.

1531. Church Seats at Wedding—Bride's Linen—Bustles. To S. O. H.—

1. Is it good taste to send reserved seat cards for church wedding to those whom you wish in the front pews?

2. Should the underclothing and linen of a "bride to be" be marked with her initials or those of her fiancé?

3. Are bustles worn now?

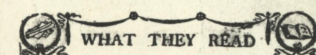
1. Reserved seat tickets are never sent for a church wedding. The front pews are divided from the rest of the church by a white ribbon, as many pews opening on the middle aisle being left beyond the ribbon as will seat the relatives and very intimate friends of the bride and groom, the bride's relatives and friends on the left side, the groom's on the right. The ushers are then given a list of the guests who are to be seated above the ribbon, and as they arrive, they are ushered into the seats set apart for them.

2. The bride's lingerie and household linen are, as a rule, marked with her own initials or monogram.

3. Small pads, which always make a dress set better are usually made into the dress skirts by first-rank tailors and dressmakers. If preferred, however, a small light pad or bustle may be worn separately, and the pad omitted from the gown.

1532. Proper Pocket for Handkerchief. To W. T. K.—Please state the pocket in which a man should carry his handkerchief in a dress suit, also a cutaway and sack coat made of flannel or cloth.

There is no one pocket recognized as more proper than another for carrying a handkerchief. When wearing evening clothes an inside breast pocket or the pockets in the tails of the coat is generally used. The same rule may be said to apply with a frock coat. In the case of a cutaway or sack jacket the outside breast pocket on the left side is the customary place; but if the coats have no outside pocket, an inside breast pocket may be used. The material of which the clothes are made does not affect the matter.



[NOTE: Books are selected for review in Vogue chiefly with regard to the interest they have for its readers. Inquiries addressed to Vogue concerning the entertaining of instructive qualities of new publications will receive immediate attention.]

TOWARDS PRETORIA

BY JULIAN RALPH. FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY

Even now, before it is finished, the South African campaign is a stale topic, for, already made the subject of books and pamphlets, as well as countless journalistic letters, there is not an incident of the strife but has been exploited many times. Ralph's story is part of the series he is contributing to the Daily Mail—of which London daily he is the special correspondent at the seat of war—and it is distinguished by carefully compiled tables, giving chief the events of the war; army promotions and decorations; the commands in South Africa; British and Boer order; official list of casualties; glossary of Boer terms and their English equivalents. From the last-named the reader learns that kopje is a peak, rather than a hill; that laager is a fortification made by placing wagons in a circle. The term is also often used to merely denote a camp. Raad sometimes signifies a council, when it is usually qualified by a prefix; again, it means a rough ridge. There are in all about forty of these translated terms, and they make an interesting feature of the book. A well-

printed map, which gives the entire seat of war and contiguous territory, is another important addition.

The history of the ultimatum, of preparations, and battles, is between the covers of Mr. Ralph's book for those readers who wish to read a very prejudiced, pro-English account of the war; but, less hackneyed and open to fewer objections on the score of judicial impartiality, are such bits as the following note on the Karroo Desert, which includes an instance of English enterprise:

To be perfectly happy in November anywhere between the Cape and the Zambesi, the traveler should take a fig-leaf for a daytime costume, and a Laplander's suit of furs for the night.

I take off all that the law allows every day, and then gasp in the shade of my tent, but at night I do myself up in a lambswool wrapper, two ordinary blankets, and a steamer rug, and lie down to listen to the rattle of my teeth, until the sun begins to blaze through the canvas at daybreak. We who are at the headquarters at De Aar are having what the tradesmen would call a choice line of selected weather, every known kind coming in each twenty-four hours, and all served to us in wholesale lots.

Often half a dozen sorts and degrees get mixed up. At such times we have a blistering sunshine with an Antarctic breeze blowing through it. Then on the top of that comes a Sudanese sandstorm made up of whirls that obscure the sun, and play the mischief with the camp, lifting up the skirts of the tents, and coating everything red.

In one of these whirls you can lay a clean white handkerchief between two overcoats, and when you take it out it will look as if it had been soaked in beef-tea. After the dust whirl comes a tropical thunder shower, at the end of which the sun sets with a splendor no painter would dare try to put on canvas. As for the effect of the climate on man, it is not fair to say it is healthy, and let it go at that. If I may judge from this part of Cape Colony in November, it actually beats Colorado, in the United States.

We are on the edge of the Karroo Desert. It is a tract which looks like a rubbish-shooting ground of imperial size. It is everywhere rolling, and framed by great hills, except where the billows of baked and stony earth take the form of kopjes (called "coppies"), or small hills. The entire country is about equally spotted with small stones and little dry tufts of vegetation, mainly sage brush. These are so bare and dry that they look like roots. The barren watercourses torture little trees to grow beside them, and these also are so bare and brown that they might as well be turned bottom upward.

In every direction the view is unobstructed for miles, yet you see nothing but the same burnt desert with the hot air dancing over it. There are occasional little herds of goats tended by native children, but they never show until you are close upon them. The Karroo might well be a heaven for snakes, lizards, and beetles, but I saw none—nor any living thing except a few goats, a few stately ostriches, a few Kaffirs in rags or blankets, and one small black-and-white bird that would pass for an undersized magpie at home. Silence, solitude, desolation—multiply these a millionfold, and you have the Karroo.

It is not without beauty, and it is not without a future. Everywhere, in everything, its colors are wondrous. Close at hand the hills are almost brick-red, a little farther away others are dove-colored, while the farthest ones are of varying shades of purple. Tufts and splotches of vivid green appear wherever there is or has recently been water, and even the stones and shrubs are full of color.

I have said that the ground is stony. It is so stony that you cannot make up your mind whether the thin soil is being formed of disintegrating stones, or whether there once was a soil which has been washed off down to the broken surface of the bed-rock. And yet man can do with it what the Mormons have done with the great American desert, now fast becoming a garden land. In some places the water is thirty feet below the surface; in others fifteen hundred to two thousand feet—but there always is water, and once it bathes the surface it acts like a magician's wand.

Wherever you see a railway station it is in an

oasis of green, with willow and eucalyptus trees, flowers, and vegetables. Before I woke up one morning the train was at a place called Matjesfontein, and a man was calling out my name. When I was dressed and out on the platform, I found that a Mr. J. D. Logan had heard I was passing through, and wished to invite me to breakfast.

As I rubbed my eyes I saw far and away on every side the stony, tufted, shimmering desert, yet close beside me were tree-shaded cottages, with blooming gardens and lawns around each. Hurried away from the picturesque station to a handsome house, I found a luxuriously ordered table, smoking hot viands led off by salmon from England, with trained servants to add to comfort as abundant as any one could wish.

This was Mr. Logan's village, and he is building a fine hotel as its chief glory. While we ate breakfast he dictated to his secretary letters of introduction to people further north, and before I finished my coffee the letters were handed to me type-written. When the train took me off Mr. Logan started on a shooting trip. The whole episode was like a tatter of dreamland—a little spring of enterprise gushing out in the desert—and yet just the sort of thing one runs upon in South Africa.

Close to every railway station, and hugging it for that companionship which all negroes love, are the huts of the Kaffirs. They are of every sort that costs no money and little labor. Some are holes in the earth roofed over with tin or tarpaulin, some are low huts of adobe (mud-brick) walls, some are made of that corrugated iron which is the eyesore of South Africa.

There is not a thing about these Kaffirs, or their costumes, or their houses, that I have not noticed about the Guinea negroes of Mississippi, and the rest of the "black belt" of the United States. I begin to think with Burns that "a (black) man's a (black) man for a' that." Here and in America he is equally shiftless, equally ragged, equally jaunty in his rags, equally happy in his misfortunes, equally prone to lie in the sun, to laugh, to sing, and to pilfer.

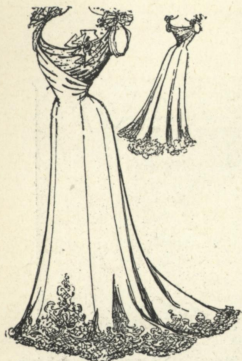
One of the queerest things about the Kaffirs is that though there are millions of them in South Africa, they make no mark on the landscape. They herd in little bands in the bushes, and by the stations and villages, and you never have the faintest notion of their numbers.

The Government is hiring these blacks by the hundreds at the advance camp at De Aar, and is paying them—what do you think? Four pounds ten a month, with clothing, lodging, and food thrown in. It is past the comprehension of Tommy Atkins how such things can be, and I have heard the officers who distribute London-made clothing say that they wish they had as good garments for themselves.

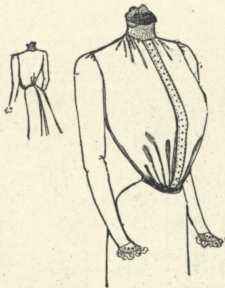
The reason for this treatment of the blacks is that they ask high wages, and are excellent drivers and transport men. It is also true that the British everywhere demoralize the blacks with too generous treatment, which is as bad for them as Boer unkindness.

The chapters on traits of modern battle, scenes of modern warfare, a halt in modern war methods, and correspondents under fire, contain much that the laity is not likely to know, and there are doubtless many women, as well as men, who are interested in learning what so bright and capable a correspondent as Julian Ralph has to say on such topics.

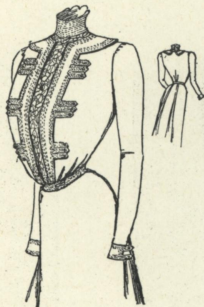
Vogue dated 12 July will contain an interesting article on Bicycle Gymkhana, with a charming double-page illustration by Mr. C. M. Rebye.



NO. 37 PRINCESS EVENING GOWN



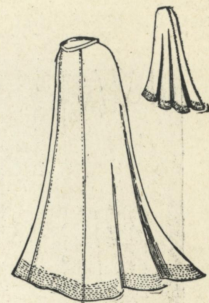
NO. 47 PLAIN SHIRT WAIST



NO. 44 FANCY SILK BODICE



NO. 54 BOX PLAITED SHIRT



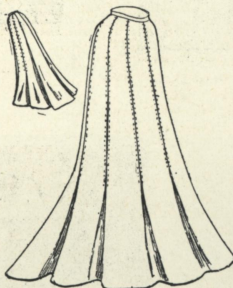
NO. 31 PLAIN TAILOR SKIRT



NO. 56 SILK WAIST



NO. 58 GIRL'S COAT



NO. 43 BOX PLAITED SKIRT



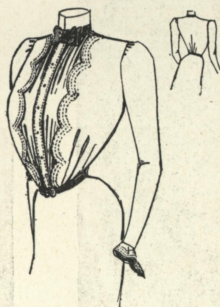
NO. 32 ETON COAT



NO. 50 FANCY SHIRT



NO. 42 SHORT JACKET



NO. 34 SHIRT WAIST



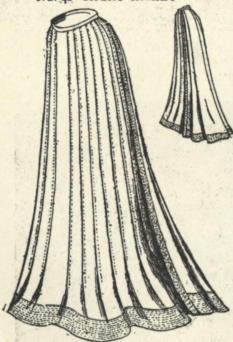
NO. 45 CHILD'S AFTERNOON FROCK



NO. 33 CHILD'S COAT



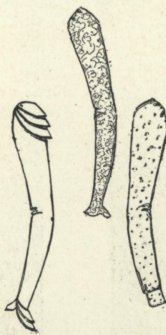
NO. 30 JACKET WITH CARRICK CAPE



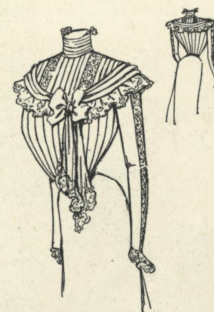
NO. 40 TUCKED SKIRT BOX-PLAIED



NO. 49 BED JACKET



NO. 48 THREE SLEEVES



NO. 53 TUCKED BODICE WITH YOKE

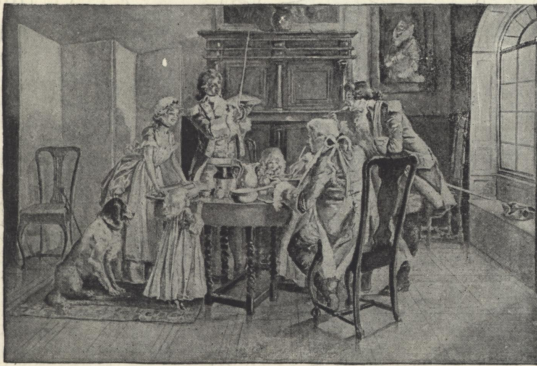


NO. 55 TUCKED WASH SKIRT

SELECTIONS FROM VOGUE PATTERNS 50 cents each with coupon or 60 cents each without coupon

VOGUE PROOF IMPRESSIONS

Many requests have been received from readers of VOGUE for proofs of its illustrations to be used as wall ornaments when framed. Those shown in miniature here are offered at moderate prices. See particulars below each cut.



No. 5. When Dolly Makes Pies. Paper 18x12 ins. Print 18x9 ins. Dark Drab. \$1.00.



No. 4. A Conquered King. Paper 18x12 ins. Print 16x10 1/4 ins. Red Brown. \$1.00.



No. 1. A Good Run after the Hounds. Paper 12x9 ins. Print 9x6 1/4 ins. Green. 50 cents.



No. 3. The Japanese Mask. Paper 12x7 ins. Print 9 1/4 x 6 1/4 ins. Red. 50 cents.



No. 7. The Premiere's Benefit. Paper 12x9 ins. Print 9x7 1/2 ins. Light Red. 50 cents.



No. 10. The Little Stars. Paper 18x12 ins. Print 15x9 ins. Dark Grey, \$1.00.



No. 8. My Skipper. With Verses. Paper 12x9 ins. Print 7x7 ins. Light Brown. 50 cents.



No. 9. A Frolic. Paper 12x9 ins. Print 10x8 1/4 ins. Black. 50 cents.



No. 2. The Desert Thief. Paper 18x12 ins. Print 14x9 1/4 ins. Brown. \$1.00.



No. 6. The Milliner's Bill. Paper 18x12 ins. Print 14x9 ins. Dark Green. \$1.00.

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